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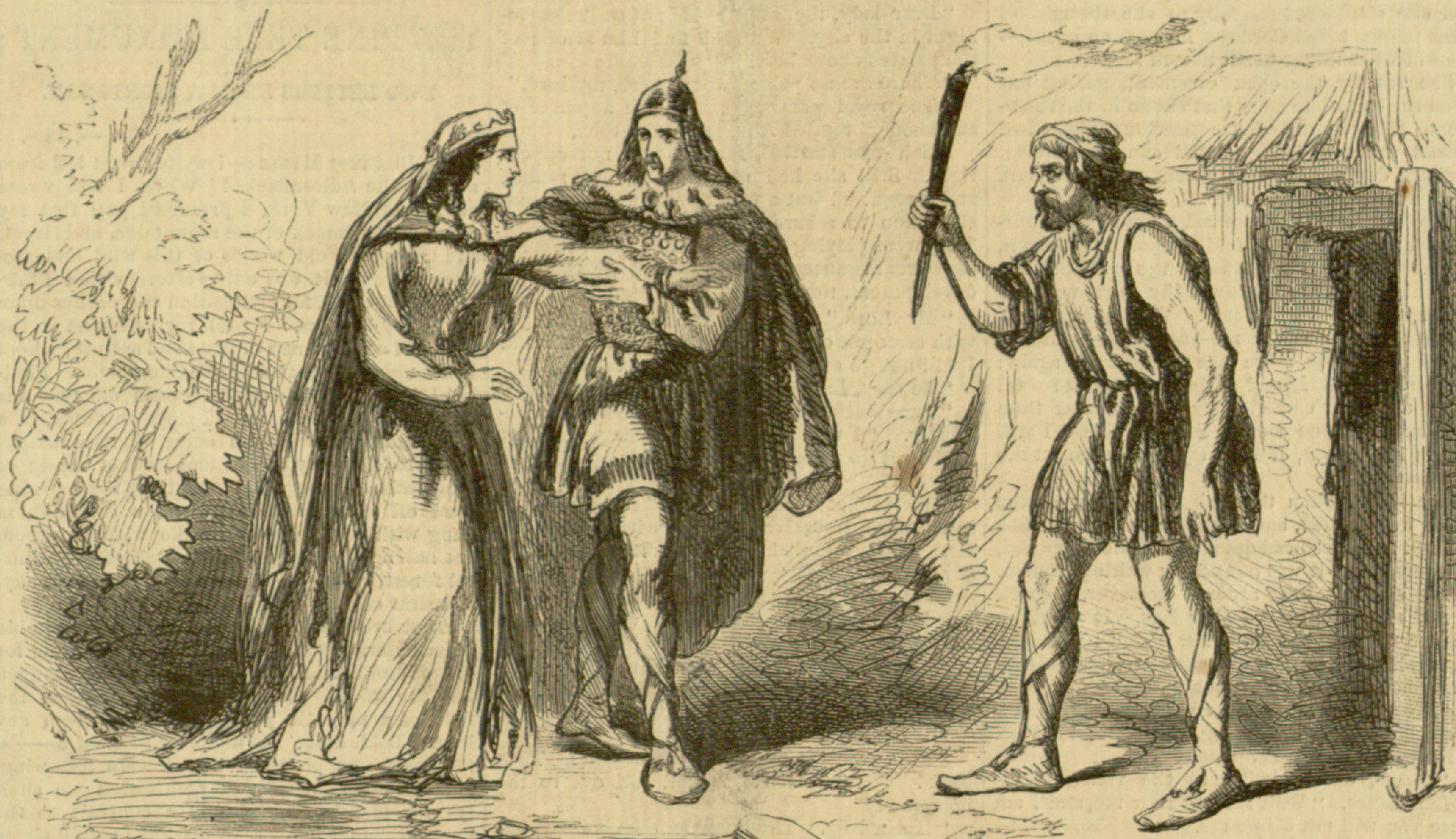

LULAH INSNARED.

THE UNWISE CHOICE.

BY ALICE CARY.

Two young men when I was poor
Came and stood at my open door;

One said to me, "I have gold to give,"
And one, "I will love you while I live!"

My sight was dazzled—woe 's the day!
And I sent the poor young man away;

Sent him away, I know not where,
And my heart went with him, unaware.

He did not give me any sighs,
But he left his picture in my eyes;

And in my eyes it has always been;
I have no heart to keep it in!

Beside the lane with hedges sweet,
Where we parted, never more to meet,

He pulled a flower of love's own hue,
And where it had been came out two!

And in th' grass where he stood, for years,
The dews of th' morning looked like tears.

Still smiles the house where I was born
Among its fields of wheat and corn,

Wheat and corn that strangers bind—
I reap as I sowed, and I sowed to th' wind.

As one who feels the truth break through
His dream, and knows his dream untrue,

I live where splendors shine, and sigh,
For the peace that splendor cannot buy;

Sigh for the day I was rich tho' poor,
And saw th' two young men at my door!

LEON DE BOURNAY;

OR,

THE CONSPIRATOR OF CORDOVA.

A TALE OF MOORISH SPAIN.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XVI.

MUTTERINGS.

Abu Zamar remained in the private room of the officer of the guard, awaiting the return of his companion in iniquity. Part of the time he walked up and down the floor, and part of the time he sat upon one of the sofas. He was a little uneasy, for he had much upon his mind; but he believed that everything was working well, and he endeavored to cheer himself by the reflection. Still an occasional doubt would creep in upon him, and give him some trouble. At length Alhakem returned, and the vizier started forward to meet him.

"Now, my good lieutenant, is the work done?"

"No, my lord—it is not done!"

"How!" cried Abu, starting back. "Not done! In mercy's name, did you not have men enough? Did you hesitate? Has some foul fiend thwarted us?"

"Hold, my lord," interposed the lieutenant, as he placed his lantern upon a shelf. "You misjudge us if you think we could have failed under any ordinary circumstances. Had we found the Christians, they should not have been alive now."

"Had you found them? What mean you?"

"I mean that they were gone. They are not in the prison!"

"But they may have been changed to some other cell."

"No—that cannot be. Such things are never done without the knowledge of the officer of the guard. They have made their escape."

"By Allah, but this is most unfortunate. I cannot comprehend it. Can Beder Basim have dared to do such a thing?"

"Most assuredly not," answered the lieutenant, quickly and decidedly. "But how is it with that mysterious companion of ours, whom we call Euric? May not he have done it?"

Abu Zamar was about to reply, when, agreeably to the old saying, "Speak of his Satanic majesty," &c., the mystic youth made his appearance. He opened the door, and entered, without ceremony of any kind, bowing with polite dignity as he came in, and seeming entirely unconscious of the fact that there was anything remarkable in his movements.

"Ha! how is this?" cried the vizier, starting with astonishment. "How came you here?"

"I came, my lord, as you came, by the corridor and by the door."

"But," said Alhakem, with much show of agitation, "how passed you the guard? By the Prophet, I gave them strict orders to pass no one!"

"Blame not your guard, sir lieutenant," returned the youth, "for they have not willingly disobeyed you. Guards are nothing to me. They saw me not when I came."

"In mercy's name, what are you?" exclaimed the vizier, gazing upon the intruder with increased wonder. 'Whence come you? How come you?"

"Abu Zamar, I am a conspirator, and I will follow the work until it is accomplished. Let us dispose of the legitimate business we have in hand ere we enter upon any other. As sure as the sun shall rise again, and roll another day over the earth, so sure shall you know the mystery when our work is done; but I will not speak more now, for an oath, as solemn as the chapters of The Book, binds my tongue. I have come to you at this hour on business. I have succeeded in accomplishing a purpose which I had in hand. I have led the Norman knight and his esquire out from the prison, and they are now both beyond these walls."

"Heaven save us! I feared it!" gasped Abu, clasping his hands upon his knees.

"Feared it?" repeated the youth, with a show of surprise. "Was it not so planned? Were we not to have the Christians beyond the reach of the king?"

"Aye—and we would have done it to-night, most effectually," returned the vizier, excitedly. "By the spirits of darkness, this is most unfortunate!"

"Had I known your plan, my lord, I might have done differently. I knew that the king was liable to call the prisoners before him, and I did not think it well that it should be so. The work of setting them free was once given me to do, and I thought not of possible harm in its accomplishment."

"My lord," spoke Alhakem, "would it not be well to let all other considerations rest for the while, and look after these fellows? I can set my men upon their track at once."

"Aye—thou art right," replied the vizier. And then turning to Euric, he asked, "How long since you set them free?"

"It is not yet an hour, my lord."

"Which way did they go?"

"I think they went first to their old residence, and from thence they probably took to the river."

Whatever may have been Abu Zamar's desire to bestow further rebuke upon the strange youth, or to dive further into the mystery which enveloped him, he deemed it best to defer all that, and follow the escaped Christians, so he bade Alhakem summon some of his trusty men, and as soon as possible he set off, allowing Euric to go whither he pleased.

The vizier and the lieutenant went to the dwelling which Leon de Bournay had formerly occupied, and, upon close examination, they were satisfied that some one had recently been in the house, as there were fresh tracks in the court, and new marks in the dust upon the stairs; but there was no living Christian to be found in it now, and they went out into the garden. Here, also, they found fresh footprints, which they traced to the water's edge.

"We must find two boats," said Abu, "and one party must go up, while another goes down. We may gain some trace of him upon the river."

And so it was done, and they cruised about upon the water, pulling up and pulling down, pulling in-shore and pulling out, until it lacked only an hour of day, but no trace could they find further of the knight of Normandy.

"Where is Euric?" asked Abu Zamar, when they had reached the prison again.

But Alhakem did not know. No one knew. They had not thought to bid him meet them again, and they had no hopes of finding him now.

"By the holy Prophet!" cried the lieutenant, "I do much doubt that youth. I fear him."

"Why so?" asked the vizier, in a troubled mood.

"Because I believe he is an evil genius. He is not human. He hath put on this remarkable guise—a guise which startles us all with its seeming familiarity, but which none of us can read—he hath put it on, and come amongst us for evil."

"Nay, Alhakem," replied Abu, after a little reflection, "I do not think so. I have more confidence in him. I know there is something strange about him—something inexplicable—but still I will trust him. Thus far he hath served us well, and even in this thing he hath done no more than he was commissioned to do."

"Well," said the lieutenant, with a slight tinge of reluctance, "I hope you may be right. At all events, we can easily watch him, if he is human."

"Pshaw! don't talk so, Alhakem. I tell you, in time you shall find that he is all that he should be. I know how the matter stands, and I fancy I can almost read his secret. I believe he is the son of some one who has been banished from Cordova, and he has sworn, with an oath, to be revenged. From a remark which I once heard him drop, I believe that those whom he represents—probably some members of his family, and perhaps his parents—have bound him by an oath to keep his secret until his purpose of revenge is accomplished."

The lieutenant had much confidence in Abu Zamar's judgment, and he tried to make himself believe that this all might be so.

"And now," said the vizier, "I must to my palace awhile, and then to the king. And yet," he added, pressing his hand upon his brow, "I know not exactly how to move. The king must know that de Bournay has escaped, and then his first movement will be to send for Beder Basim. By Allah, I must see the jailer first, for I would know how he will look upon the matter. I will go now to my palace, and in an hour do you send for me, as though something of consequence had happened."

The lieutenant promised so to do, and Abu Zamar withdrew, and made the best of his way to his palace, being admitted by one who was in his confidence, where he threw himself upon a couch and fell asleep.

Shortly after sunrise the vizier was aroused by one of his attendants, who announced that a messenger, from the officer of the guard at the prison, wished to speak with him. Abu performed his toilet as soon as possible, and then went down into the smaller court, where he found the messenger waiting. Of course, it was a summons from Alhakem, and the vizier at once set out. At the prison he received information that Leon de Bournay and his esquire had both escaped sometime during the night. Upon this he straightway sent for Beder Basim, whom he met with a stern, indignant look.

"Beder," he cried, "what is this I hear? I have been called from my palace by the officer of the guard, and here I am met with the startling intelligence that both the Christian prisoners have made their escape! What can it mean?"

"Escaped?" uttered the old man, starting, as though with terror.

"Aye," said Alhakem. "When I sent the sentinel around this morning, he found Leon de Bournay's cell open and empty. We have searched all the corridors and the courts, but the prisoners cannot be found."

"What make you of it?" added Abu Zamar.

"In truth, I know not what to make of it," replied Beder, trembling. "But the guard are responsible," he said, with sudden energy.

"Are not all the prisoners under your charge?"

"Not wholly so, my lord. Permanent prisoners, who are given in charge to me as such, upon sentence of the king, I am responsible for with my life; but those who are brought hither by the royal guard, and to whom the officer of said guard may at any time have access, are not wholly upon my responsibility. If the Christians are gone, must they not have passed some of the sentinels?"

"None of the sentinels have seen them," said Alhakem.

"Then," responded the old man, with his hands folded upon his breast, "an evil spirit is broke loose in Cordova. My lord, I much fear that some ill-disposed afrite haunts our prison; for it cannot be that there is treason among the royal guard."

"Of course there cannot be," said the lieutenant, quickly.

"At all events," added Beder Basim, "you had better send in search for the missing prisoners, and I will look out for those that are left. I hope the king will not blame me."

"Fear not on that score, good Beder," interposed the vizier. "I know your stern integrity, and I will excuse you to our royal master. You had better go and see if the rest of your prisoners are safe, while we post off men after the fugitives."

Without further remark the old jailer turned and left the place, and when he was gone the two conspirators conferred somewhat further together.

"I do not think Beder Basim suspects anything," said the lieutenant.

"No," replied Abu. "He is a blunt old man, and makes curious expressions; but I am sure he does not suspect us. However, let them suspect as much as they please, we shall be free from danger before their suspicions can take any due form. But I must now to the king, and fix this matter with him as best I can; and, in the meantime, be careful how you answer questions touching it."

When Abu Zamar met the king, he broke to him as carefully as possible the news of the escape of the two Christians.

"But, sire," he said, ere Abderahman had time to answer, "I am rather glad, than otherwise, that they are gone, for I have a clue to their whereabouts, and will thus find them in company with some of their accomplices."

"Still," urged the monarch, as soon as he could find room for speech, "I do not understand it. How, in the name of the Prophet, could they have escaped."

"I can easily account for it," replied Abu, determined to make a bold stroke. "I have had a conference with Beder Basim and the lieutenant, and we have made up our minds that there must be one or more conspirators among the royal guard. However, this gives me no uneasiness, as we can easily detect the villain if he is there."

The king was fairly beside himself with astonishment and vexation; by watchful effort, however, Abu Zamar succeeded in quieting him.

"But," pursued Abderahman, after he had paced the floor awhile, "I am uneasy and anxious. I cannot live so. I would rather the conspirators should rise to-day, and give me battle at the very gates of my palace, than live in this suspense. Battle, hot and fierce, would be a relief to me."

"Sire," replied the vizier, with much emphasis and assurance, "give me but three days more, and I will lay this whole thing open. We may have to fight; but we will fight with much advantage."

"When you ask for just three days, do you know what you can do within that time?"

"Yes, sire. I speak understandingly. If you can restrain your impatience for that length of time, you shall find light enough beyond it."

And the king said he would wait.

But the king was not the only one in Cordova who was rendered uneasy by the mystic cloud that hung over the land. There was uneasiness on every side. The disappearance of Baal Tamar, who had been beloved on all hands, had startled the people, so that in all quarters a dangerous conspiracy was talked of and feared.

"Alas!" said an old armorer, almost under the shadow of the royal palace, "things have gone wrong ever since the beautiful young queen was dragged away and locked up in the great prison."

"Aye," muttered another, with a shake of the head, "and things will grow worse with the new love the king has taken."

"What love?" asked the armorer.

"I mean—ABU ZAMAR."

"Ah—be careful how you whisper that. There's evil in the very name!"

CHAPTER XVII.

GLOOM WITHOUT.—GLOOM WITHIN!

The morning opened with clouds and wind—clouds which arose from beyond the mountains, and wind which came howling and moaning down from their bleak summits. The day was dark and dismal, and the great river gave forth strange notes as it rolled on in its swelling flood. All was gloom in Cordova—gloom without and within—gloom upon men's faces, and gloom in men's hearts. And there was gloom in the deep dungeon where sat the imprisoned queen. Her head was bowed; her small, white hands were clasped with a tight pressure upon her bosom; and she murmured to herself of the fate which had befallen her. There was agony in her tones, and marks of mighty emotion upon her fair brow.

And into the dungeon came Abu Zamar—from the gloom without to the gloom within. He came unannounced, and without ceremony. There had been something deeper and darker than gloom upon his face that morning; but it all vanished as he entered the dungeon, and when he met the queen's gaze he smiled.

"Pardon me, sweet Ariadne," he said, as he bowed before her, and then took a seat; "pardon me for this intrusion. I was here on business, and I could not resist the temptation to see you. I thought that, perhaps, the visit of a friend might cheer you somewhat. Surely, the light of a loving heart must beam from my face; and Heaven grant that it may serve to warm and vivify your own soul. O, it must be very gloomy here!"

"It is gloomy everywhere for me!" murmured the queen, without looking up.

"No, no,—say not so," cried Abu, impetuously, but yet with some show of tenderness. "You shall find joy in the future as sure as we both live. Of course, it is gloomy here."

"O—most gloomy!"

"And you long to be free once more?"

"Heaven only knows how eagerly I pray for it!"

"Then, sweet Ariadne, let me give to thee the assurance that thy prayers shall not be vain. I have already made safe plans for our mutual happiness. Mark me," the vizier continued, growing more earnest in his tone and manner, and emitting more fire from his dark eyes; "if our peace and blessedness of love could be secured in no other way, I would give up every honor I possess in Cordova, and depart for some new home. There are many places where our love could find safe repose. In Arabia—in Aleppo—in Damascus—in any place our fancy might select. Is it not so? Say—how feel you?"

Ariadne, who, all this time, had been gazing down upon the floor, now raised her head, and looked into Abu Zamar's face. There was meaning enough in her expression, though it might have been difficult to read it. Her large, dark, melting eyes beamed with a strange light—it surely looked like a hopeful one—and her lips quivered as though she could not say all she felt.

"My lord," she said, "I care little whither I go, so that freedom and peace be mine. I do wish to be free from this prison; I do wish to love, and be loved."

"And you will come and be mine?" cried Abu.

"I cannot—I must not, promise too much. First, let me be free. I would not purchase liberty at the sacrifice of conscience. I would not have you, in the time to come, turn upon me and say, that you bought my love. As a prisoner I may not answer. When I am free, I can answer freely."

"And," urged the vizier, "when you are free you will not crush me by a cruel answer. Speak, —assure me of that.—Speak, if it be only one word."

"Abu Zamar," spoke the queen, slowly, and with calm truthfulness, "he who sets me free from this place will receive my lasting gratitude; and he who has my gratitude, may have my love. Need I say more?"

No—Abu did not ask any more. The beautiful Ariadne had said enough, and he was satisfied. The look upon his face was more of triumph than of joy, though there was much of love in his ardent gaze—of love such as the base passions can beget—not love such as the pure heart feels. He seized her hand and kissed it, and then moved towards the door. He stopped, however, and turned again to the queen.

"Sweet one," he said, "once I could have died for thee.—That was before another snatched thee from me. But now I will live for thee—I will live for thee alone. I will earn thy gratitude, and thy love shall be mine of right. For the present—for a little while—I leave thee with the good angels which my prayers shall evoke; but very soon thy better star shall arise."

With this he went out; and when he was alone, he spoke with himself:

"I have her, safe enough. The great indignity which she has suffered at the hands of the king rankles so in her heart that she comes most readily into my hands. I have not forgotten the love which I once did bear her; and, if I love her not again as I did then, I will at least treat her well. At all events, I will win and wear her—wear her until—I find a fairer!"

* * * * * *

The morning had opened in storm and gloom—the day had passed in storm and gloom—and the evening closed in storm and gloom.

Night, when it came, shut down upon Cordova with storm and gloom and utter darkness. The citizens kept their houses; and even the sentinels remained in their boxes; for, had they ventured forth, they could have seen nothing; so they lay quiet in their sheltering nooks, and watched with their ears.

Storm and darkness! How fitting was the type! In that hour the darkest deed was to be sealed. A heart that had never known true goodness was to put on a darker crime than it had before borne! A record was to be made before which the records of Tartarus might shine as pages of light!

At midnight, when the gloom was deepest, and the darkness seemed most terrible—terrible from the very stillness of the dying storm—Abu Zamar glided from his palace, and groped his way along the sloppy streets. He had no need to be watchful against observation now, though he went slowly enough, as he had to feel out his way step by step. At length he stopped and listened, as though he feared some one were following him. Was it the tread of feet he heard, or only the dripping of the big drops from the weeping roofs? He moved on again, and again he stopped. He could see nothing but the dark walls about him, and he could hear nothing save the dropping of the water.

"It is nothing," he said to himself. "I am over-fearful to-night." And once more he moved on. When he next stopped it was before the gate of a small porch, in an out-of-the-way place, where he gained admittance by virtue of signals such as were given at the chamber of the conspirators; and, in a little while longer, he was in a rough, dimly-lighted apartment, alone with the robber chieftain.

"Well, my lord, I have waited for you," said Miramolin. "Midnight was the hour."

"I know," replied Abu Zamar, shaking the water from his cloak. "I should have been here before, but I did not make allowance for the impeding darkness. I had to fairly creep along, and I consider myself fortunate that I reached the place at all. And, furthermore, I have stopped some on the way, as I fancied I heard footsteps behind me."

"What—were you followed?"

"No. It must have been the pattering of the water from the houses. However, I am here, and all is safe; and now let us to business, for time presses."

"Aye—it presses with me, most surely," returned Miramolin; "for I must be out of the city ere the guard is changed."

"Have you seen your men?" asked Abu, with a slight tremor of anxiety in his voice.

"I have," replied the chieftain. "I have seen every man; and they number over a thousand."

"And can I have them all?"

"Yes—upon the conditions I have named."

"I have already assured you that, in the districts north of our capital, your men should have the privilege of plunder."

"Aye, Abu Zamar, that you have granted; and now for the other part. How fares your labor with the queen?"

"By Allah, my chieftain," returned the vizier, with a triumphant flash of the eye, "she is mine!"

"Ah,—was she so easily won?"

"Yes," said Abu. "Though," he added, after a moment's pause, "I think she was more moved by a spirit of revenge against the king, than by love for me."

"It would not be strange if such were the case," returned the robber, with a nod of the head. "However, it matters little to you, so you possess her."

"True," responded the vizier. "She will be mine, and that sufficeth."

"Then," pursued Miramolin, in a lower tone, "we come to the second proposition. I have seen the lady Lulah several times, and I long to possess her. If you will give her up to me, our contract shall be sealed. What say you?"

Abu Zamar cast his eyes about him, as though he feared there might be some listening ear fastened to the solid wall, and finally he said,—

"I have thought the matter over, and *the Lady Lulah shall be* YOURS!"

"Ha! art honest with me, Abu?"

"Yes, Miramolin—*she shall be yours*!"

The robber chieftain gazed upon the man before him as though he feared that one who could do such a deed could possess little honor or truth; but he did not speak any such doubts, though what he did speak may have been tinged with them.

"Upon my faith, Abu Zamar," he said, "I would not doubt you; but yet I would have some further assurance of this. It lacks now only two days of the time when our work is to be done; and, you remember, she was to be mine—wholly mine—before that hour should come. When you are king——"

"Stop," interposed the vizier with a slight touch of indignation in his manner. "What I promise, as grand vizier, or what I may have promised as governor of Cazalla, shall not be set aside by Abu Zamar, when he is king."

Again the robber chieftain looked at him with that significant look; and, if he had uttered the thoughts which ran through his mind when he gave that slight shake of the head, he would have said, "Ah, Abu, if you can so meanly and treacherously betray the harmless, defenceless girl who has been cast upon your care, what might you not do unto me if you had the power? I violate no confidence—I tell no lie—when I take the girl; for I have a fancy for her, and want her. But you—O, what a transcendent villain!" But he hid all this, and said, instead:

"My good lord, I have told you once that I doubted you not; but even kings give bonds for the performance of their obligations. The case stands plain between us. You say she shall be mine. But how shall I know that the thing may not fail? The time between now and the gathering of the grand council is but short. You know it was to be done before that time."

Abu Zamar leaned his brow upon his hand; and then he started up and took several turns across the dungeon-like apartment. Finally he stopped and laid his hand upon the chieftain's arm.

"Miramolin," he said, in a low whispered tone, "I can give you the pledge you ask."

"How?"

"First let me be sure that there can be no possible failure on the part of your men."

"I have told you that they are ready. My men go whither I say. And now for the pledge."

"Listen," returned the vizier, again giving that half-cautious, half-frightened look about the room: "The lady Lulah shall be delivered into your hands within four-and-twenty hours?"

"Ha!" cried the robber with a start, "mean ye so?"

"I do."

"But how shall it be done? Who shall bring her to me?"

"I will, replied Abu Zamar, trembling. He trembled, not from the workings of conscience; nor yet from the presence of any great fear but the emotion was an involuntary one, seeming to spring from a spark of humanity which may not be wholly annihilated in the boson of a child of God.

"But," said Miramolin, "I cannot with safety bear her from the city."

"There is no need," returned Abu. "I will bring her to you. I will take her without the city. Aye—I will deliver her to you at any point within reasonable distance."

"Now, by Allah! this soundeth like business," exclaimed the robber, slapping his companion upon the shoulder. "Let me see. Of course you would not bring her in the day-time?"

"No."

"Then, to-morrow evening I can meet you at the dwelling of my lieutenant, Abdalla. You know his place.'

"Yes."

"It is on the river's bank, and can be easily reached."

"She shall be there for you in season. But, Miramolin, you must send some of your own men down. I would not trust this secret with any of my own servants, nor yet with any of our followers in the city."

"You shall have as many of my men as you like," said the robber; "and I will send them to you at any hour you may name."

The compact was sealed! All else was mere arrangement and form, which affected not the deed. When Abu Zamar emerged from the low gate one bright star was shining in the eastern heavens—looking forth with its celestial eye of light, from a point where the dark clouds were rolling asunder. He saw it and he asked himself if the omen were a good one. He looked again, and the star was gone. What did this omen mean?

"I care not," he said to himself, as he walked on. "If it is shut out from me, it is also shut out from all others. Aye—and some shall soon be where stars and suns and moons shine eternally?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

KEEPING THE DARK BOND.

POOR LULAH! How much she had suffered! Her eyes were swollen with weeping, and her cheek had grown pale. At first she had not been willing to believe that her father was dead; but the story of Abu Zamar, so fairly told, and so solemnly asserted, and the faith of all about her to that effect, finally led her into the agonizing conviction. She had never known before now how much she loved her father. She had never before realized how kind and good he was. She had never, until now, learned how to prize his noble, truthful character. And then the arrest and imprisonment of Leon de Bournay, and the dark fears connected therewith, had given additional pangs to her bleeding heart. She had sought to see the king, for the purpose of pleading in the Christian's behalf; but she was not permitted to leave her father's palace. She held a suspicion that Abu Zamar was responsible for her close confinement; but she could not be sure. She knew that he had taken possession of her father's palace, and that he was master there.

And now, as she sat in her boudoir, in the early night, the deeper shades having but just fallen upon the city, she had learned that Leon de Bournay had escaped from his prison. Under other circumstances she might have found some comfort in this; but she found none now; for she had been made to believe that the Norman knight had either fled from the country, or else, that he was with the robbers in the mountains. It was told to her that he might have entered into a league with the outlaws for purposes of revenge; but no power could make her believe that. If he was in the mountains, with the robbers, then was he a prisoner, and his life in danger. But this was not all. She had heard whisperings of a rebellion—of a conspiracy—which aimed at the overturning of the government; and she had heard that the Christians were engaged in it. It was said that the Norman knight was at the head of it; but she did not believe it. Yet she believed that dark days were coming; and she shuddered fearfully as she thought of what might befall Cordova in such an event,—aye—of what might befall herself!

She sat by the open casement, gazing out upon the countless stars that shone in the firmament. The storm of the previous night had passed away, and the genial sun of a warm, pleasant day had inspired sweet nature to send forth her richest fragrance.

"O, my father! where art thou?" she murmured, with her hands folded upon her bosom, and her eyes upraised towards the brilliant host. "Would that I could know if thy spirit wanders among yon starry throng! Wilt thou never come back to care for me—never!"——And in a few moments more she murmured again: "Leon!—sweet Leon! where art thou? O! canst thou not come to thy love! Canst thou not send her one word! If thou livest, I will live in hope; but, if thou art dead, then let me die also!"

She had spoken thus when the door of the room was opened, and some one entered. She did not turn her head quickly, for she supposed, of course, that it was one of her waiting-women. When she did look around, however, a quick cry of alarm broke from her lips. It was Abu Zamar who stood before her! But if she had been alarmed at first, the emotion was quickly overcome by a spirit of indignation.

"How now, sir!" she cried, starting to her feet; her dark eyes flashing, and her form erect. "How dare you thus intrude?"

"Peace, dear lady," said the vizier, in his softest tones. "Wait till you hear me, and I am sure you will not blame me."

"I will not listen to you here," returned the maiden, proudly. "This is a place in which you trespass. If you have anything to communicate, you can send for me, and I will receive you in a fitting manner."

"But, my lady, you know not what I have to say unto you."

"Nor do I care to know while you thus insult my honor and my station. Leave me, sir, or I shall call for my servants"

"No, no, Lulah. Wait.!"

"Leave the room, my lord, or I give the alarm. As I live, I will not bow to this!"

"But, lady, you do not know why I have come, nor why I have come unannounced. You may do a very foolish thing if you do not have a care."

He spoke so calmly, and seemed so little to notice her peremptory commands, that, in spite of her indignation, she allowed him to proceed.

"Now listen," he added, after a short pause, "and you will see that I have not done such a wrong thing, after all. I come from the king, and he would see you."

"See me?—the king!" uttered Lulah, starting with surprise.

"Aye, lady," the vizier responded, with the same calm, steady look. "He hath sent me for you, and he would have you come at once. And, furthermore, he bade me bring you as secretly as possible, as he is anxious to excite no suspicions touching his movements."

"But wherefore is it?" asked the maiden.

"I think it is to question thee respecting some past movements of Leon de Bournay."

Lulah started as she heard this; but she speedily overcame the outward emotion, for she would not show her feelings to the man before her.

"You have heard," he resumed, after he had watched the effect of his words upon her, "that this de Bournay has been once imprisoned, and that he did once escape. He has been arrested again, and will be brought to speedy trial. However, before final judgment is passed, the king wishes to confer with you, as he has heard something of your adventure with the Christian knight. I am free to confess that I objected to your being sent for, as I did not wish to have you mixed up in the affair; but his majesty would not listen. He said he must see you, and that, too, as quickly as possible. He was particular in his command that none should know of your attendance save you and myself. Hence you will understand why I came into your presence as I did."

All Lulah's indignation had vanished, and she was now intent upon this new subject. Could she refuse to go? No. She had prayed for this very opportunity. She would go, and assure the king that Leon de Bournay was a noble, honorable man. She would make the king understand that the Norman knight could not do a wicked act.

"I will call my attendants," she said, after a little reflection, "and accompany you."

"But you forget," said Abu, with a smile, and a shake of the head. "We are to go alone. Had it been proper to call your attendants, I should have done so ere I saw you—I should not have intruded myself so unceremoniously. Pardon me, lady, but the king waits for us. You will act your own pleasure. If you do not wish to go I will inform his majesty to that effect; and, if you have any excuse to send, I will carry it most punctually. Perhaps I could excuse you to the king myself. I am willing to try."

"No," said the maiden, after deliberating awhile; "I will go with you." She spoke quickly and earnestly, and, lest Abu Zamar should read her real sentiments, she added: "I fear the king would not forgive me. I will not venture to awaken his anger."

"You are right, Lulah. I know how fractions the king is; and I think it would be well to humor him. I will wait for you here if you will prepare at once."

Surely there could be no danger. The thought was absurd, and she gave it no harbor in her bosom. She said she would be ready in a few moments, and then she went into her chamber. In a little while she returned, with her veil and mantle on, and accompanied the vizier down into the court.

"Do you go that way, my lord?" she asked, as her conductor turned towards the river gate.

"Yes, lady. We can go more quietly by water; and, moreover, I have one of the king's barges at hand."

She went with him out upon the landing, and allowed him to hand her down into the boat which lay there. She saw six stout oarsmen, while a seventh sat at the helm; but she noticed them not particularly, as she had to be watchful of her footing; but she supposed they were the king's boatmen. As soon as she had taken a seat beneath the light canopy which had been thrown over the stern, and Abu Zamar had sat down beside her, the barge was pushed off, and was soon darting swiftly through the water.

For some minutes after she had reclined upon her seat Lulah did not look up, but sat, with her head bowed, trying to arrange in her mind the words she would speak unto the king. But the task was a difficult one, and she was finally forced to give it up, with the simple resolve that she would speak the truth, and nothing more. After this she gazed out upon the water, then up at the starlit sky, and, anon, she looked upon the walls, and turrets, and minarets, as they glided gradually by in the dim distance.

But— How is this? Something is wrong!

"Abu Zamar," she said, laying her hand upon his arm, "what means this? We are going UP the river!"

"Yes, lady."

"But the royal palace is DOWN the river. What means it? Tell me."

"Dear lady, the king holds not audience to-night in the city. We shall find him at one of the palaces above here."

"There are no palaces above here, my lord."

"The royal presence may make a palace of any abode," replied Abu, in a quiet tone.

Lulah was startled, for this did not appear right. Still she had sense enough to reflect, and it required but a very few moments of consideration to assure her that it was all wrong. They were playing her false. She knew it. All the circumstances, being directed by this last development, now pointed that way.

"My Lord," she said, tremblingly, but yet with strength of will, "let the boat turn back. I will not go any further in this direction."

"Be easy, Lulah. You have nothing to fear."

"Turn back, I say!" cried the maiden, vehemently. "I will see the king at his palace, but I will not go to see him in this way. Will you obey me?"

"We cannot turn back now," returned Abu, in an easy, persuasive tone. "We have come too far. You are foolish if you think there is danger."

"But, Abu Zamar, I am determined. I WILL NOT go in this direction. Now will you turn back?"

"I have told you, lady—we cannot."

"Cannot!" repeated Lulah, as though she had been stricken by a heavy hand.

"WE CANNOT!"

"In heaven's name, what mean you? Turn back! O, turn back! I shall call out to the boatmen!"

"Hush, lady. The boatmen obey no will but mine. You would appeal to them in vain."

"Then I will cry out for help from the shore."

"Ah, my fair Lulah, you would hardly be able to send your voice so far. If you will look, you will see that we have passed the city wall, and that the palaces and kiosks are all behind us."

The maiden did look, and she found that it was as the vizier had said. She could see, by the dim starlight, the shore upon either hand, and no dwellings were there—only trees, and crags, and open fields. And then she gazed upon the men who plied the oars, and she saw that they were dark and wild-looking, and that their garbs were not such as any of the king's servants ever wore. A terrible fear came upon her. It was not defined—it had no form—but it was terrible in its darkness and mystery. She started to her feet, and would have leaped from the pavilion, but Abu Zamar caught her by the arm, and pulled her back.

"Let me go!" she cried, trying to break from him.

"And whither would you go?" he asked, holding her firmly, and showing a little temper in his tone.

"Anywhere!" the maiden replied, still struggling to free herself. "If you will not turn back I shall leap into the river! Let me go! Unhand me! O, mercy! is there no one here to help me? Back! back, I say! Ye that ply he oars, turn back! In heaven's name, I beseech you!"

But those who plied the oars paid no attention to her cries, not even so much as to bend an ear.

"Lulah," spoke Abu, with his teeth set, and his fingers clasped painfully upon the tender flesh of her arm, "you may cry out till the day of judgment; and you may struggle with all your might; but you can neither call help to your side, nor escape from my control." He pulled her down upon the seat as he spoke; and then he added, in a threatning, ugly tone,—"Now sit still and keep quiet, and all may be well; but, if you offer any more resistance, I'll have you bound as though you were a common prisoner! I would not give you needless pain, nor be over-severe; but, by the Power that made me, I will accomplish my purpose!"

Pale and frightened, and with her heart almost bursting with its fearful pulsations, Lulah sank back upon the seat; and, when she was still, Abu Zamar released his hold upon her arm.

"You are not taking me to the king," she finally whispered, in a gasping tone.

"I am not!" was the reply.

"O! Where—where am I going?"

"Can you not guess?"

"No, no,—tell me!—O, tell me!"

"I am taking thee *from* the king, my lady. He would like to see thee, and I will that he shall not. Is it not plain enough now?"

"Villain! thou hast perjured thyself!"

"Never mind, sweet one, so that I accomplish my purpose. If there be blame to bear, I will bear it. And now rest you easy. You shall not be long confined away from home. Be wise, I pray thee, and do not force me to violence."

Poor Lulah! She thought she understood it all now; and, as the swiftly gliding boat bore her further and further away from the city—bore her on by the signal hill, and past the cot of Alcassim—on, on, till the mountains cast their shadows upon the water—she fancied that she was being taken away by the jealous vizier so that she should speak no word in favor of the Christian knight.

It was far away from the capital that the boat stopped, at a rough landing, close by a steep hill, beyond which arose the mountain, dark and drear. The maiden was assisted to the shore; and Abu Zamar led her up the bank into a mule path. Not far off, against the side of a second bank, or bluff, she saw a small cottage, and towards this she was led. It was a mean-looking structure, and seemed to depend for support upon the firm bank against which its rear wall was built. A slight rap from the vizier brought a clownish looking fellow to the door, who bore a lighted torch, and who at once admitted the applicants.

"Light us on to the inner apartment," said Abu, after the door behind them had been closed and re-fastened. And then turning to Lulah, he added: "We shall soon be at our journey's end."

How strangely his voice sounded, and how strangely his face looked! But it might be the echo of the old house—it might be only the effect of the flaming torch. Lulah held her beating heart, and followed on.

But—how is this? Two doors have been opened—two apartments passed—and now they have entered a long corridor, with walls of stone! Whence comes this wonderful space within the limits of so small a cot? In spite of her fears and her terror, the maiden had power of reason enough left to comprehend that this corridor, or passage, must have been digged in the hill-side; and that the open cottage was but a mask, serving, in reality, only as a sort of porch to the hidden chambers within the bowels of the hill.

At the end of this passage a door was opened—they passed through a small ante-room—then another door—and Lulah found herself within a large, well-furnished apartment, where brilliant lamps were burning, and where rich perfumes filled the air. For a few moments her eyes were dazzled; but she soon regained her power of vision, and gazed anxiously about.

"Great Allah, what is this?" she gasped, seizing Abu Zamar by the arm.

Aye—in that moment she caught the arm of the man whom she knew to be a villain; for something more terrible was before her!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE PINE TREE MONUMENT;

OR,

TWO LETTERS FROM A SPORTSMAN.

Oct. —, 18—.

MY DEAREST MYSIE:—I write you at last from among the Adirondacks! When I last wrote you, from New York, I promised you that my next should smack of the mountains, and rivers, and the grand old woods of this wild and glorious region. It was only yesterday that I fairly entered them, for civilization encroaches upon their very borders. I took my breakfast at the house of a gentleman of taste and culture, whom I met upon the boat on Lake Champlain. Finding I was coming here, he would offer me his hospitality; so that night I slept on down, in a bed-room furnished with every modern luxury, lulled to sleep by the solemn, sweet music of the winds and the woods; and ate my morning meal off china and damask, in a dining-room hung with rare pictures, while without stood, not half a mile away, the grim wall of the primeval forest, rising till it seemed to meet the sky, and shut out all the world beyond.

After breakfast I took leave of my hospitable entertainer, my guides were ready, waiting for me without, and in their company I plunged into the woods. We ate our noon meal at the foot of a majestic pine, miles away from any human habitation. At night we reached S——'s, the last tavern on the river we were following, and the last faint trace of civilization we shall see for many days. It was a contrast to the previous night in all respects, save sound sleep. Everything was of the rudest and most primitive, from the manners of the people around me to the furnishing of the house, and the food that was set before us.

I have been two days in the woods now, and write this by the light of our camp-fire at evening. A party of sportsmen who are on their way to the settlements, will convey this letter to the nearest post-office. To-night they will sleep in our camp, and they are now enjoying themselves uproariously over a tin basin of whiskey-punch which they have just brewed, on the other side of the fire. They are telling stories and jokes, relating their hunting exploits on former occasions, and clinking their tin cups with shouts of laughter at the dull sound the base metal emits, as compared with the ring of crystal goblets at a city feast.

Don't think, Mysie, that I shall bore you with long descriptions of this region. I did not commence with such intention, and it has been far better done scores of time with pen and pencil, as the books and magazines on our library shelves will amply prove.

We left S——'s at sunrise this morning, and have been all day on the river and small lakes that here abound among the hills, except when we stopped for our noontide meal, and at the carrying-places.

This afternoon, as we were rowing up one of these ponds or lakes, a narrow, still sheet of water, I was suddenly struck by the appearance of a giant pine that stood upon the water's edge, tall and solitary, near what was evidently a deserted landing-place. At the height of a man's head, a large square had been smoothly cut, leaving a white surface of the inner wood, upon which there seemed to have been traced an inscription.

I asked the guide to row a little nearer the shore, that I might read it. He complied, and as soon as the boat stopped he rose, and uncovering his head stood in a reverential attitude, until I signed to him to proceed.

The inscription ran thus, for I copied it that I might send it to you.

> "At the foot of this tree were deposited the remains of J—— W——, of——, who was killed in a boat upon the lake by the accidental discharge of his own gun. Although his body has been removed, one who loved him better than her own life, has ordered this enduring monument to his memory, to be prepared."

I was saddened by this melancholy incident, yet there was something grand in the concession that made that cycle enduring pine the monument of a departed lover. I questioned the guide, who had sunk into silence, as we moved away, and he gave his narration of the incident, but told me that Mrs. B., the lady at whose house I stayed the night before coming into the woods, knew the lady who loved young W., and would gladly tell me the story connected with his fate. He died, as we too often hear of others dying. Rising up in the boat as it neared the landing beside the pine, his foot accidentally caught the trigger of his gun which lay in the bow, and the whole charge was deposited in his side. He died after an hour or two of fearful suffering, and long before the help that had been summoned, could reach him.

It is late, Mysie, and I can write no more. When I see Mrs. B., as I have promised to do on my return, I will ask her for the story and then transcribe it for you. Farewell. May good angels guide and guard your waking and your sleeping hours, dear wife, and may the good Providence ensure us a pleasant and speedy meeting.

LETTER SECOND.

Oct. —, 18—.

I am once more "out of the woods," dear Mysie, and again enjoying with a zest that temporary deprivation alone ensures, the comforts and luxuries of civilized life. I have been *hugely* happy in the woods, and have sometimes thought no life could equal that I led there. But since I have been sitting beside this roaring fire, that the coolness of the autumn evening renders most acceptable, in a room furnished tastefully and luxuriously, clad in accustomed broadcloth and patent leather, and listening to the conversation of refined persons, I have arrived at the conclusion that in the progress of civilization we have really arrived at modes of life every way preferable to those of the savage; and that, on the whole, I prefer for a canopy over my head o'-nights a roof rather than a pine tree's boughs, or the star-gemmed vault of heaven, and that feather beds and spring mattresses are an improvement upon hemlock boughs, or blankets, while silver forks and china are more pleasant to the eye, and in decidedly better *taste* than forked sticks or tin platter, or mere hemlock bark plates, and so with various other comforts and luxuries too numerous to mention here.

In fact, Mysie, I think I shall not want to go into the woods again—for a year!

But Mrs. B. has been telling me the story of poor W——, and the pine-tree monument. Here it is, brief but entire, I think.

James W. was a Philadelphian of good family and irreproachable morals, but poor and burdened, before he reached manhood, with the care and support of a sickly sister and a mother who, from habit and disposition, seems to have been singularly incapable of aiding the struggles of the son upon whom she was dependent.

James was a clerk on a small salary, and there seemed little prospect that he would ever advance much beyond that, since, with the utmost economy in personal expenditures, he found it impossible to lay by even the smallest amount, as capital for any future business operations.

This was the greater trial to him when, at twenty-two, he fell in love with Isabella G., and naturally began to look forward to see what prospect he had for the maintenance of a wife, in addition to those already dependent upon him. It was a long time before he could summon courage to speak to Miss G., whose father was wealthy, and known to entertain very lofty notions in regard to his daughter's suitors. But one of those accidents which are constantly favoring lovers, as you and I know, Mysie, at length brought about an explanation; and when he found that Isabel returned his love, and had already had her faith and constancy severely tried by his long silence, when he found that she was willing to betrothe herself to him, even with the long prospect of waiting before them, he, of course, could only joyfully accept that troth, and warm his starved heart in the sunshine of her love.

Here was another motive for labor, and for the closest economy. His weak and selfish mother indulged in many angry words when she found that James had so foolishly and imprudently formed an engagement of marriage; at least those were the terms by which she characterized the act. And when, shortly after, he was appointed to a situation in which his salary was considerably increased, she, instead of aiding him in his efforts to save, only increased her own expenditures. The sickly sister, about this time, became more hopelessly ill, and a heavier burden upon his purse as well as upon his time and thoughts. And when there was added to all this the determined opposition of Isabel's father, the only cause of surprise was that the two lovers persevered in an engagement that seemed so utterly hopeless.

More than once James, feeling how unjust it was to Isabel, in a worldly point of view, to hold her bound by their rash vows, went to her and offered to release her. But the noble and affectionate girl would listen to no such proposition. "I did not love you because of your worldly position, James," she would say; "nor promise to be your wife expecting only prosperous days. How, then, shall I desert you in your poverty, and leave you to struggle on without hope or comfort?"

At last, after eight years of waiting, their prospects brightened. The sister died first, then the mother; and James mourned for them sincerely though he had little to be grateful for, even to his mother, except the bare fact of his existence. But ere this his steady perseverance and industry had been rewarded by a small interest in the business of his employers. Little by little, by management and economy, he accumulated capital, and at thirty was admitted full partner of the firm.

Isabel's father no longer objected to the marriage. He was shrewd enough to see that if James lived ten years he would be a wealthy man, and he at last consented to give him Isabel and her portion.

The lovers were to have been married at Christmas, at which time the new house that old Mr. G. was building for them would be ready for their reception. Early in autumn James, who had been unusually confined to business during the summer, felt the need of some relaxation. He had contemplated a tour with Isabel and her father, but Mr. G.'s failing health kept both at home, and James decided to try a fortnight's shooting and fishing among the Adirondacks.

"He spent two days with us before going into the woods," said Mrs. B., "and the visit was a delightful one to myself and husband. He and Isabel were old friends of ours, from the days when we were both young and lived in Philadelphia, and we enjoyed James's happiness, and the new and unusual air of cheerfulness and content that pervaded all his words and actions, exceedingly. It was on the second day after he left us that he was wounded, and it was not for nearly two more, and long after he was dead, that the tidings reached us. We immediately wrote to Isabel, and Mr. B. went, himself, to his friend. Before he reached the place they had buried him beneath the pine tree on the spot where he died.

"Isabel came to us at once. I shall never forget the expression of utter despair that rested upon her features. It seemed as if the life had died out of her, so mechanically did she move and speak, so little interest could she be persuaded to feel in those events which were going on around her. She insisted upon going into the woods herself, and removing the remains of her lover from their forest resting-place to Philadelphia. She would trust the details of the plan to no one. My husband, unfortunately, was too ill to accompany her, and I could not take my little baby on such a journey of exposure and fatigue, nor leave him and my sick husband. So Isabel went alone, with only the guides, who, rough and half-civilized as they are, were kind and soft enough to the suffering woman."

Isabel G. made her way to the spot where her lover was buried. His remains were exhumed, and placed in the coffin she had brought for the purpose. Before leaving the spot, she caused the inscription which had attracted my attention, to be made upon the pine. Every summer, so Mrs. B. informs me, she makes a pilgrimage to the spot where her lover died; and though his remains rest beneath a splendid mausoleum at Laurel Hill, this forest scene seems more particularly and vividly to re-unite her to him who lost his life there.

The guides all know and reverence the pale woman in widow's weeds, who so sadly and silently comes among them with the summer flowers and scenery. They provide her the warmest shelter and the softest couch, and produce all their homely luxuries for her table. Even the shrine of her sorrows has become sacred to them, and they are said never to pass it without feelings and acts of reverence such as I witnessed.

This is all, Mysie, and an affecting story of real life, I know well that your own sympathizing heart will find it. We shall meet soon, and then I will answer all the questions that I know will be trembling on your lips. Farewell.

* * *

THREE ABSORBING WANTS.—Poverty wants some, luxury many, and avarice all things.

GODOLPHIN—IN THE SOUTH.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

The hush is faint with perfumes—lone and high
Burns the pale pageant of the summer night—
The roses give the south-winds sigh for sigh,
And blush thro' *all their* dreams with soft delight.

Night claims a weird step-sisterhood with me;
The gloom, without the purple and the stars—
And the long, sullen thunder of yon sea,
Booming across the harbor's sunken bars,

Wakes in my soul a kindred spell of power
To speak the woe that made my life sublime—
How the dark splendor of one passionate hour
Hath set its seal upon me for all time.

Yet, dare I whisper the wild sin that crossed
The fitful sunshine of my earlier years?
How the young beauty of my life was lost,
And buried in the sea of fruitless tears?

How hope became a legend of the mind?
And love—a lurid fever, that hath burn'd
To dust and ashes the wild heart that pined
Its life into the flowers, where *thou* art urned?

My sinless one! Too late, alas! we met—
Thy tender feet grew weary of the way
That led thee to me, ere the buds were set
That might have blossomed into endless May.

By the pure azure steeps that lean above
Thy grassy roof—by the pure stars that shine,
I have not wronged thy long, white sleep, my love,
Nor the wild oath my spirit pledged to thine.

No! That is spotless! but remembered scorn
That slew my nature, ere thy holy eyes
Look'd on me with the radiant lights of morn,
Like a dark shadow round my spirit lies.

Come, comfort me! O, lost and lovely thing,
That made the June-hood of my life so fair;
Come! with thy mourning-blush and breath of spring,
The touch of dainty hands and fluttering hair!

My love! despite the wild and splendid dream
That drifted me to doom on melodies,
As wave-uprooted reeds drift on a stream
To hopeless regions of the abysmal seas.

Where lost Egeria's fount, a murmuring glory,
Falls thro' the moonlight, 'twixt the sleeping flowers,
And a rapt Niobe's antique marble story,
I woo thee, phantom of my brief, bright hours.

From your most secret chamber, low and dread,
From the pale mausoleum of the heart,
Come forth! O spirit of the blessed dead!—
And lo! the silent shadows sway and part.

I know thee. By that high and solemn brow,
Whereon no stain of earthly nature lies—
By the sweet mouth that gave me vow for vow,
And the dusk splendor of those mournful eyes.

But thou art changed! Thy radiant angel-hood,
Like Azrael's sword of fire, divides us twain,
Yet from this sunken space of erring blood
I measure half thy glory—with my pain.

My yearning spirit weeps her wild belief
That all my ancient worship is forgot
In yon high sphere, so far from mortal grief
The memory of a tear can reach thee not.

My passionate heart cries out to know the truth,
If love and all its dreams *are* washed away
In that bright river of perpetual youth
That overflows the bounds of endless day!

Alas! the pallid stars are not more cold
Than the still beauty of thy spirit-eyes!
Thou hast forgotten the sweet dreams of old
For the unfading glory of the skies.

◆

A FOREST HERO.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

General Anthony Wayne—"Mad Anthony," as he was often termed by the whites, "The Wind," as he was generally designated by the Indians—both appellations being bestowed because of his unswerving boldness, not to say rashness, in pushing forward to the accomplishment of his design, regardless of all obstacles—was undoubtedly, all things considered, the most successful commander that ever led the half-disciplined troops of the border against their forest enemies. In August, 1794, he fought the famous battle of the Fallen Timbers; and in the following year he concluded his celebrated treaty of peace with the combined Indian nations at Fort Greenville. He was a disciplinarian, and drilled his troops to load while running, and to erect protective breast works at a few minutes' notice. Moreover, he constantly kept out scouts or spies, and took care to repose his confidence only in men worthy of the trust, by which means he called around him a select body of the most skillful and daring spirits, who felt a justifiable pride in finding themselves honored by his confidence. Of his little but intrepid band of scouts, there are several whose names and deeds have come down to us, though it is our intention in this connection to speak of only one.

Among the most conspicuous of Wayne's legion was a stout, well-built, athletic man, by the name of Josiah Hunt; and a braver fellow, a better hunter, a keener marksman, and a more skillful woodsman altogether, the frontiers never produced. While Wayne and his army lay at Fort Greenville, during the winter of 1793 and '94, prior to the battle of the Fallen Timbers, Hunt was selected to act in the double capacity of hunter and scout, and the manner in which he discharged his perilous duty, made him famous even among the border men, and is worthy of a record on the page of history.

At this period, Fort Greenville was an isolated post in the very heart of the wilderness, in a bitter winter, and environed by hostile Indians, who kept a constant watch upon it, to note every movement of the whites, and cut off any small party that might venture to leave it; and to escape the vigilance of these dangerous spies, Josiah Hunt always chose to go forth and return under cover of night—his maxim being that, once abroad in the forest, he had just as good a chance of seeing his skulking enemy as the latter had of discerning him.

On leaving the fort he would strike off boldly into the forest, in the direction of his next day's intended hunt; and when satisfied he was safely beyond the circle of the outlying Indian scouts, he would dig a hole in the frozen ground to the depth and diameter of a foot, and setting fire, by means of flint and steel, to some tinder in the bottom of this excavation, he would next cover it over with some dry white-oak bark, previously gathered from a dead tree, and put on the outside a sufficient layer of earth to keep it smoldering all night, without once coming to a flame, and thus showing what might prove a destructive light. Then squatting himself down, coiling his legs around this pit, and closely enveloping the upper portion of his person in a blanket, he would pass the long, freezing night in a sitting posture, sleeping what are called "catnaps," with his trusty rifle ready to his grasp, and prepared to wake and put himself on guard at even the snapping of a twig.

After thus sitting and sleeping through the night, he would start at daylight on his hunt for game. On getting sight of a deer, he would put a bullet between his teeth, ready for reloading his rifle as soon as discharged—nor would he move from his tracks till this had been done. Then looking cautiously about him, he would approach the deer warily, drag it to a tree, and with his back against the latter, so that he could only be attacked in front, he would begin to skin the animal, stopping now and then to take a cautious survey of the scene. He would then, if not too far from the fort, cut off the four quarters of the beast, and so arrange them in the skin as to be able to swing the whole on his back like a sack; and in this manner he would cautiously pick his way back to the garrison, timing himself so as to enter soon after dusk, especially if many Indians were scouting in the vicinity. If the deer chanced to be killed far from the fort, he would only bring in the two fore-quarters.

It happened one day that, while skinning a deer in the manner related, three Indians, who had observed his movements, approached him from behind, single file, keeping the tree in an exact line between him and them. But though they moved in the most noiseless and stealthy manner, Hunt suddenly ceased his work, silently grasped his rifle, and, quietly rising to his feet, stretched up his head and neck like a startled turkey. He stood thus for a moment, motionless as a statue, listening with suspended breath, and sweeping the whole scene before him with his keen, black eye. Then quietly turning on his heel, so as to face the tree, he cautiously stepped back a few paces, placed a bullet between his teeth, brought his powder-horn forward convenient to his hand, and raised his rifle to an aim. The next moment he took one step aside, and beheld the three Indians advancing in a line, the nearest one not more than twenty yards distant. The latter had just time to perceive his white foe, and utter a short yell of surprise and alarm, when the deadly rifle of the intrepid woodsman flashed, and the fatal ball passed directly through him and lodged in the breast of the one next behind, bringing both to the ground together. The first was killed, or nearly so—the second so badly wounded as to flounder and yell with pain—while the third stopped for a moment, seemingly bewildered with surprise and terror, and then darted away to the nearest tree. The instant the unwounded Indian started to run, Hunt bounded forward with a yell, regardless of the risk, seized the musket of the first Indian, poured its contents into the second, killed him at once, and then caught up the other loaded piece and ran back to his tree, which he reached without drawing the fire of the only antagonist he had now to fear.

Hunt had now in his possession a loaded musket and his own unloaded rifle; and keeping a wary look-out for his foe, he proceeded with all haste to recharge the piece on which he knew he could depend. This was completed in a very brief time; and then, as the remaining Indian had not made his appearance, he began to act on the aggressive. Cautiously he peeped around his tree, first on one side and then on the other, but without getting even a glimpse of his enemy. Then waiting a minute or two, he repeated the same manœuver, but still with the same result. Thinking that in all probability the savage had fled in dismay, but not caring to risk too much, he remained in his position some five minutes longer, and then ventured to look again. But still no Indian was to be seen.

"Well," muttered the intrepid hunter, "if you've had the sense to make tracks, you painted imp, you've done the best thing there was for you."

Still, guided by prudence, Hunt waited and watched a full half-hour longer, without getting a glimpse of the savage, or discovering a single sign of his being now in the vicinity; and then he quietly returned to the animal he had slain, and finished his task of cutting it up, and folding it in the skin in the manner related. This accomplished, he was ready to set out for the fort; but he was too old a hunter and scout to think of leaving without the scalps of his foes—the taking of which would not only disgrace his enemies, but be a signal proof of his own prowess. So leaving the deer all ready packed for the journey, he returned to the dead Indians, and took not only their scalps, but everything from their bodies that he considered of any value; and having thus secured his plunder, he shouldered his game and set out on his return.

It might have been a couple of hours after this, that, as he was passing through a little hollow, where the denseness of the foliage rendered it quite dim and gloomy, he saw an Indian spring across his path some distance ahead, and conceal himself behind a tree, as if to await his approach. Supposing, by this discovery, that he had gained a signal advantage over his foe, Hunt kept upon his course as though nothing had happened, till he came alongside a thicket on his way, when, stopping and yawning, as if fatigued, he carelessly slipped the load from his shoulder, and entered the copse with the air of a man totally unsuspicious of danger. But the instant the bushes concealed him from his enemy, he began to act with decision and vigor. Throwing his rifle forward, so that he could use it at a moment's warning, he began to creep along to a position for a shot at his foe. He had scarcely advanced twenty steps, however, keeping his eyes elevated so as to get a glimpse of his antagonist, when he suddenly found himself grasped by two athletic savages, who instantly overpowered him and wrenched from him his rifle. Then a few short, shrill, triumphant whoops, which were immediately answered all around him, told him too late that he had fallen into an ambush prepared for him.

Hunt was soon surrounded by his savage enemies, a dozen in number, who were in high spirits at his capture, and partly with a few English words, and the rest by signs, they made him understand it was their intention to take him home to their village, and burn him for their further amusement. Knowing resistance would be out of place, the intrepid scout attempted none, but quietly submitted to his dark fortune, hoping, of course, to find some opportunity for making his escape.

The Indians, treating him rather roughly, took him about ten miles that day, and then, binding him hand and foot, and further securing him, by means of thongs, to two of the most athletic of their party, they went to sleep around a roaring fire. Hunt did not sleep, but lay perfectly quiet, well knowing there was not the slightest chance for him to get away. It was a long, painful night to him, but he bore his sufferings like a martyr, without a murmur.

The next day the Indians divided before noon, leaving only three with their prisoner. These continued on with him toward their village, which was still distant some two or three days' journey. That night, after giving him a reasonable quantity of food, the first which they had offered him, they bound him as on the night previous, and fell asleep before a large fire. Hunt, eagerly watching all his chances, soon observed that the Indians slept soundly; and then, making an effort to move his arms, he discovered, to his great surprise and joy, that the ligature around his right wrist was so carelessly tied as to render it possible for him to work his hand through it. This, after an hour's patient trial, he succeeded in doing; and then, almost wild with hope and fear, he reached gently over to his nearest enemy, and managed to draw his knife from its sheath without disturbing his slumbers. He now felt as if his liberty were almost regained, and had much difficulty in compelling his eagerness to that prudence which could alone insure success.

Cautiously and silently, however, one by one, he cut the thongs that bound him, and then crept noiseless from between his guards. His rifle chanced to be so placed that he was able to secure it, together with his powder-horn and bullet pouch; and thus armed, he debated with himself whether to attempt the slaughter of his captors or not. But as there might be other Indians in the vicinity, he feared he would be risking too much, and concluded to steal quietly away, which he did, putting many a long mile between himself and captors before the sunrise of the following day.

Two days after his escape, Hunt returned to the fort with his usual amount of deer-meat slung across his shoulders. In answer to many eager inquiries concerning his long absence, he related his remarkable adventures; but as the Indians had recovered the scalps of those he had killed, leaving him no tangible proof of his prowess, there were some who ventured to doubt the truth of his statement, for which reason Hunt would never afterwards allude to the subject. Those who knew him best, however, were satisfied that his story was true and not exaggerated; and through them and their descendants it has been preserved, and is now for the first time published to the world.

He was in the battle of the Fallen Timbers, and did good service; and at the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, was much inquired after by the Indians, "who," says a writer, "seemed to consider him as the next greatest man to Wayne himself; and assured him that some of their bravest and most cunning warriors had set out expressly to kill him, but because of his constant vigilance had never been able to succeed in their design."

He subsequently became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and it is presumed that his last years were as peaceful as his life had been worthy.

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THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

BY WM. HENRY PECK.

"She has rejected me, mother," said a young man, entering the presence of a tall, dark-looking lady, as she sat in her private room in an elegant up-town residence.

"Rejected you, George!" said Mrs. Vandel, as the young man seated himself near her, scowling and biting his lip with rage. "Has Mertis Dunbar dared to reject *you*—*my* son?"

"She has," said George Vandel; "and I find, though I thought nothing could ever make me do it, that I hate her."

"She deserves it," said Mrs. Vandel. "To think that the adopted daughter of my brother-in-law, John Williams, should presume to reject my son!"

"No matter if she is John Williams's adopted daughter, John Williams intends to leave her all his property," said George, bitterly.

"To think," said Mrs. Vandel, going over the past with great scorn, "that my sister should ever have married such a man as John Williams in the first place—a man that had no more connections than a stick of wood. Then my sister died and left no children——"

"Yes, she did," said George. "She left a son."

"And that son was lost in the streets of London eighteen years ago," said Mrs. Vandel. "John Williams found Mertis in a station-house while he was making inquiries, and stirring heaven and earth to find his lost boy? Mertis was then an infant hardly two years old. And now to think she should have all John's wealth, that he's laid up. She sha'n't. I'll set John against her, and then fan the flame of rage till she elopes."

"Elopes! With whom, mother?"

"With Louis Mann, of course, whom she loves," said Mrs. Vandel.

"But then Louis Mann will marry her, and I'll lose her," said George.

"You will lose Mertis, my dear boy, but you will gain the property," said Mrs. Vandel. "For be sure while I live, I shall not allow John Williams to forgive Mertis, even if he wished. But he will not, for he is as obstinate as obstinacy can be, and he likes you very much," said Mrs. Vandel, as she left the room to seek honest but hot-headed John Williams.

She knew how to manage the passionate old gentleman and succeeded in putting him into a tempest of rage, sparing no lies in doing it. "Bring her here—this instant!" he exclaimed.

When Mertis appeared, he gazed at her lovely face for a moment and then cried out:

"What's this I hear? You are courting and never saying a word to me about it! Been making love with the son of Henry Mann, the cooper. I've made up my mind to see you the wife of my nephew George Vandel."

"I can never marry George Vandel," said Mertis, firmly.

"You must! You shall! I say it, Miss!" cried John Williams, "and to show you that I mean it, Miss, go to your room and be locked up till you can talk calmly."

Mertis smiled, for she knew what kind of a heart beat in John Williams's broad bosom.

The next day Mrs. Vandel informed him that Mertis defied him.

"Does she? the minx!" cried he. "Keep her locked up till I come home to-night."

At night Mrs. Vandel told him Mertis said she would marry Louis Mann in spite of a regiment of John Williamses.

And so he was kept in a rage for a week, by the artful lies of Mrs. Vandel. During the same time Mertis was told that she was only an adopted daughter; that she had no claim on John Williams; that his first liking for her had become dislike, and that he would be glad to have her marry anybody, so he was rid of her—but that she should not marry Louis Mann.

Bread and water was all Mrs. Vandel allowed her. Mrs. Vandel said such was John Williams's command.

Mertis begged to be allowed to see her father. This Mrs. Vandel was very careful to prevent, and continued to tell the old man the most irritating things she could invent, and at the end of another week he grew sick from this treatment.

His pride was aroused, and he vowed he would not yield until Mertis should beg his pardon.

Mrs. Vandel told him, as a reply from Mertis, that it was his place to beg her pardon; and finally, pretending to pity Mertis, she persuaded the indignant girl that, if she would elope with Louis Mann, and marry, there was no doubt that John Williams would forgive and forget.

Mrs. Vandel also informed Louis Mann that his beloved Mertis was confined because she loved him, and as Louis Mann was as hot-headed as John Williams himself, he did not hesitate to rebuke the old gentleman in sharper terms than Williams had ever heard addressed to him in all his life.

Of course Williams made his heart as hard as a millstone, and thought seriously of turning Mertis into the street. "But then she will marry that impertinent young rascal instantly," thought he; and so told Mrs. Vandel to tell Miss Mertis that he intended to keep her locked up for ten years.

This was much longer than Miss Mertis could consent to be a prisoner, fed on bread and water, and things happened accordingly.

One morning John Williams was informed that Miss Mertis had eloped, and married Louis Mann.

The tidings made the old gentleman weep like a child. Ingratitude was more than he could bear. He had resolved to yield, when Mrs. Vandel told him of the elopement. He said not a word, but going to a little trunk he had guarded for eighteen years, lifted it, and carried it straight to the shop of Louis Mann's father.

"Tell your son," said he to Henry Mann, "that this little trunk contains the clothing worn by his wife when I found her, a lost and unclaimed infant, in a station-house in London. I lost my only child, a son, the same day. I adopted the infant, and this is my reward."

He laid the little trunk on the work-bench, turned away, returned to the trunk, laid a great roll of bank bills upon it, and then went home to shut himself up and mourn, for with all his temper his heart was as soft as a woman's.

He had not been home an hour, when a servant told him that Henry Mann, Louis Mann, and Mertis had forced their way to the front parlor, and demanded to see him.

John Williams forgot his grief in a fresh rage, and strode into the parlor to annihilate the whole party.

"What!" he began.

But Henry Mann, a gray-haired and dignified artisan, one of Nature's gentlemen, said:

"Wait one moment, Mr. Williams. I have come to thank you for your kindness to my daughter, this young lady——"

"Your daughter!" exclaimed John Williams, while Mrs. Vandel peeped in triumphantly at the door.

"My daughter, sir," said Henry Mann. "The clothes you gave me in the little trunk I recognized instantly. So did my wife. They are the clothes and trinkets worn by my child, whom we lost in a crowd in London on the 7th of August eighteen years ago— his little dress"—he held it up—"has my child's name on it—Beatrice Mann. I wonder you——"

"I had forgotten the name," said John Williams, "and have not noticed it for many years. But if that is your daughter—and who can doubt it?—Great Heaven! your son is her husband!"

"Louis is her husband," said Henry Mann, with a smile, "but Louis is not my son. You said when you gave me the little trunk that you had lost a son the same day you adopted my child. Here are the clothes and trinkets worn by a little boy, then about three years old, whom *I* found on the 8th of August eighteen years ago, the day after I lost my child. Louis is that boy. We found him wandering in the streets—my poor wife pitied him—we protected him, and as our passage was paid, and we were very poor, and the ship sailed that day, we brought him to New York with us. Examine the clothes. We found the name *Louis* on them."

John Williams did so, and among them found a locket containing a miniature of his dead wife—the mother of Louis.

He opened his arms and cried:

"My boy! my boy! had your mother lived to see this day my happiness were now complete."

As he embraced Louis, his son, a scream and then a fall were heard—for Mrs. Vandel fainted.

John Williams and Henry Mann never quarrelled after that day, and Mertis with Louis, husband and wife, returned to the home of happy John Williams.

Mrs. Vandel's deceit was soon discovered, but John Williams was too happy to storm about it, and politely told her and her graceless son George the sooner they left for parts unknown, the better.

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TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Oh, yes, I've prattled about "the country," and I like it, too—in slices. I don't admire a fortnight's rain, and impassible roads, because I'm not one of the kind who can watch a sulky cow wag her jaws backwards and forwards, under the same tree for weeks, without a vicious desire to throw a stone at her; I can't sit working worsted dogs and rabbits day after day, or see a hen using only one leg to stand on, from Saturday to Monday, because it rains, when a bountiful Providence has supplied her with two; also the funereal pace of crawling oxen down a muddy road, gives me a desire to expedite their hoofs by fire-crackers or torpedoes. I can disregard muddy roads, and wade into the marshes where the prettiest wild-flowers *will* obstinately persist in growing, could I abjure petticoats, or even get them washed; but laundresses, either at a hotel or farm-house, generally consult their convenience in this matter, spite of tears and fees. "Finis," too, is written on the most entertaining book, and I am so familiar with the operation of milking, that even this little sun-down excitement fails to move me. Bread, too, I know is "riz" with yeast, and butter "fetched" by churning. Hired men like their food swimming in liquid grease, and have a delirious fancy for red flannel. Not a yard of tape is to be had at the "finding-store" when your city tackling gives out, though oats, butter, and small tooth combs "is plenty." Sour berries are to be had for scratching your fingers and blistering your nose, snakes thrown in gratis. There are six feathers in every country pillow, and the mattress is ridgy with corn-cobs. Paper window-curtains are of a mermaid sea-green, and rattle sepulchrally o' nights. Females on samplers, sniffling under weeping-willows at a black-bordered handkerchief, are getting monotonous. Profile likenesses of Zekiel Pettibone, and Aminidab and Jonathan with their hair "licked" up, straight and cat-wise, from their foreheads, and out sideways toward the nose, with painfully tall, stiff shirt-collars, irritating their ears, are suggestive of strychnine, if one lies long contemplating them of a morning. Strings of dried apples, philanthropically festooned outside the window, as roosts for insects in summer, and *interior* for pies in winter, is not an arrangement I can contemplate with an undisturbed diaphragm; and a suspended bunch of catnip or tanzy, gives me a worse ache than any these "yarbs" were benevolently intended to cure. Then, I don't like old pigs eating up their little ones, though their families *may* be large, and a hen under the table, pecking at my heels or toes, is apt to cause me to squirm. "*Biled* rice" is good, but I saw a great deal of it at boarding-school, and molasses never expedited *my* mastication of salt meat. I don't admire sun-flowers, or poplar-trees with fat, green sausage-like worms dropping from their branches on my innocent head. Pickles, mince-pie, and cheese are better with dinner than at breakfast, and when the day is to be interminable, I should prefer the roosters not to announce it at four o'clock in the morning.

Not that I like reeking city gutters, or little barefooted girls of six years begging "pennies" at twelve o'clock at night, or dragging after inexorable organ-grinders with weary steps; not that I like gilded drinking-saloons and young men reeling from their doors, or wretched women, homeless and shameless, or any of the sad sights and sounds, which almost shake one's faith in God and man; not that I do not prefer an honest heart and a rough exterior to the most Chesterfieldian exquisite who ever entered a dining-room. But the sailor who has all his life buffeted rude and stormy waves, after a week or two in port, goes back to the roar of the winds, and the dash of the sea, with a gusto that no monotony-loving landsman knows.

FANNY FERN.

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Excellence of every kind is but variety of truth. If we wish, then, for something beyond the truth, we wish for that which is false.

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The devil's heartiest laugh is at a detracting witticism. Hence the phrase "devilish good" has sometimes a literal meaning.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness: one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging, alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such an one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

A lovely garden inspires pure and beautiful thoughts and feelings. Our first parents heard God walking in the garden of Eden "in the cool of the day;" and in every garden even now His footfalls are audible and His footprints visible.

There is a complaint that commits fearful havoc in all commercial circles, called insolvency, the first decided symptom of which is a suit at law with you for defendant—or plaintiff, it doesn't much matter which.

What causes such a miscalculation in the amount of gratitude which men expect for the favors they have done, is that the pride of the giver and that of the receiver can never agree as to the value of the benefit.

A man, who has a notoriety for saying smart things, must often be annoyed at having half a dozen fellows watching before his mouth, like so many cats before a rat-hole, to catch whatever comes out.

As there is much beast and some devil in man, so is there some angel and some divinity in him. The beast and the devil may be conquered, but in this life never destroyed.

Lawers are said to live longer than men of most other professions. Perhaps this is because they have more to repent of than others, and are therefore allowed to have more time to repent in.

If women seek distinction in fashionable display, we should at least do them the justice to remember that this is pretty much the only avenue to distinction open to them.

Some of the moralists tell us that woman suffers great wrongs. No doubt she does, but we sometimes think, when we see her now-a-days, that she needs redressing more than her wrongs do.

As a general rule, men in society should express only their more cheerful feelings, digesting their evil moods in silence, as some engines are made to consume their own smoke.

It is true, as Franklin says, that "the sleeping fox catches no poultry," but it is equally true that poultry asleep upon their roost are generally in very little danger of foxes.

Nothing can tend so much to dissolve the authority of laws as their lax administration; so laws should be in themselves mild, but administered rigorously.

When we have a snug, comfortable theory, to which we are much attached, they appear to us as a very mean set of facts that will not square with it.

An empty bottle must certainly be a very dangerous thing, if we may judge from the fact that many a man has been found dead with one at his side.

Those who take no account of their own sins in life may expect to be brought one day to a "dead reckoning."

The public speaker, who depends on rhetoric instead of logic, fights with his open hand instead of his clenched fist.

It speaks well for the native kindness of our hearts, that nothing gives us greater pleasure than to feel that we are conferring it.

Good or bad fortune generally pursues those who have the greatest share of either. The prosperous man seems as a magnet to attract prosperity.

Tupper says 'tis the horse and not the wagon that wearies. But we are very certain that we have seen a wagon tire.

Mutual flatterers generally understand each other as well as a couple of horse-jockies or blacklegs.

If every man and boy were to get all that they deserve, forests would soon run short of switches.

One cannot have too much wit or too much probity, but one can make too great a display of them.

In the treatment of nervous cases, he is the best physician who is the most ingenious inspirer of Hope.

When malicious dames gather at a tea-party, Satan can afford to take a snooze.

The worst inconvenience of a small fortune is that it will not admit of inadvertency.

Shallow brooks and shallow old men and women pass their whole time in babbling.

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CURRENT ITEMS.

Not long since, a number of boys were playing in a wagon in the street, in Albany, and one of them, in a spirit of mischievous audacity, put his head between the spokes of the wheel. The horse happening to take fright at that moment, ran, and the boy was whirled round and round, and dashed upon the ground at every revolution, and nearly killed before the horse could be stopped—one of his arms and his jaw being broken, and his body covered with bruises and wounds.

A woman was heard, one evening not long since, crying out most piteously, in a building in Washington street, in this city; some of the neighbors ran in to see what was the matter, and found her brute of a husband beating her with a pole with a large iron hook on the end of it. He was arrested and taken to prison, and the unfortunate woman was conveyed to the hospital.

As a young man was walking along Chatham street the other day, he was accosted by a couple of men, and after exchanging a few words with him, one of the rascals snatched his watch from his fob, handed it to his accomplice, and then they both ran. The victim hallooed and gave chase, and the snatching rogue was captured, but the other made his escape with the watch.

An incendiary, who was about to set fire to a new, unfinished building, in Somerville, Mass., a short time since, was discovered by a watchman on the premises and shot, the ball passing entirely through his brain, without killing him, although it was supposed he would die from the effects of the wound before many days.

Seventy-five ladies of the highest rank in London have bound themselves by a solemn vow, it is said, not to go shopping after two o'clock P. M. on Saturdays, and "all the rest are about to follow their example," so as to give the clerks an opportunity for relaxation and self-improvement.

The body of a man was recently found under a cliff of the Niagara river, over a hundred feet in hight, on the Canada side, below the Falls. It was recognized as that of an inebriate, who is supposed to have fallen from the cliff while he was intoxicated.

A French girl was burned to death, the other day, in Eighty-first street, a fluid lamp, which she was filling while it was lighted, having exploded and scattered the burning fluid over her face, neck, and clothes, setting the latter on fire.

An old man, sixty years of age, got too near the heels of a horse, that was turning the bark mill in a tannery, in Goshen, Conn., and received a kick in the stomach, from the effects of which he died in twenty minutes.

A wide-spread fire is said to have been raging for some weeks in the woods in the parish of St. Eloi, Canada East. It had extended over sixty miles, sometimes bursting out around farm-clearings, and destroying houses, barns, etc.

A Chicago paper says that a man "out that way" offers his services to the public, as a letter-writer, and warrants his epistles "to start a parent's tear, stir the expiring embers of waning affection, and awaken the full ecstacy of a lover's heart."

A workman in a foundry in Camden, N. J., was crushed, a short time since, by the falling upon him of an iron casting, weighing about fifteen hundred pounds, which had been hoisted several feet above the floor.

The London Times "ventures to predict that the Prince of Wales will be received in the United States with that cordiality which no people can show better than the Americans." That is so.

A man living in East Thirty-first street, while intoxicated, attempted to look out of his third-story window, and losing his balance, he fell to the sidewalk and was terribly crushed and injured.

A party of young people, who were out sailing, near Boston, recently, were run into by a schooner, their boat sunk, and two of the girls drowned.

Some of the Wisconsin papers claim that the wheat crop in that State this year will reach twenty millions of bushels.

A lawyer of this city was recently arrested and held to bail for having embezzled money which he had collected for a client.

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

THE COMING PRINCE.

A correspondent wants to know "if the Prince of Wales is any better than anybody else, that such a fuss should be made about him?" and would "like to have the LEDGER speak its mind on the subject." The LEDGER's mind on the subject is, that the Prince of Wales, viewed simply as a human being, and totally dissevered from all worldly connections and circumstances, is "no better than anybody else," but that, taking his worldly attributes into the account, he has some advantages over the generality of mankind. Our correspondent has probably confounded the broad question of human rights with the complex question of social and official values. It is not to be denied that the office of governor is more to be valued than that of constable. And although it is not to be disputed, at least in this country about election time, that "one man is just as good as another, and a great deal better," still, we suppose it is safe to assume that our correspondent himself would rather be the Governor of the State, or even the Prince of Wales, than a ward constable. Personally, the Prince is worthy of high honor. He is, so far as we know, the irreproachable eldest son of a most estimable queen. His royal mother deserves the gratitude of us all for the noble example she has set in high places. She has purified the court, ennobled the wifely and maternal virtues, and to a great extent changed the formerly corrupt current of aristocratic life into channels of domestic purity and quiet beneficence. She has, in short, restored royalty to respectability, and so ordered things that an honest, working man, with the sweat-drops glistening on his brow—gems in his diadem of toil, would not now need to blush at numbering monarchs among his friends. Let such a queen's worthy son be duly honored in every land where virtue is preferred to vice, and domestic purity is more esteemed than courtly profligacy.

OUR TORNADOES.

They are the best ever known, although we have but recently begun to produce them. Heretofore, the torrid regions have monopolized the regular tornado business, although we have not been wholly destitute of "blowers"—in a small way. Of late years, however, and especially within the last eight months, this great country has done a smashing business in the regular hurricane line. And, of course, having "gone into the thing," we have out-hurried the hurricanes of all former times and other lands. Our rampant spirits of the air play such fantastic tricks before high heaven as might not only make the angels weep, but as must also make their hair stand on end. Such playful feats as picking up a locomotive, with tender and baggage car, and tossing them about as a juggler does his brass balls, have become too common to excite attention. Then, the fanciful conceit of whisking away a pile of mammoth crowbars to a far-off forest, and twining them as bracelets, necklaces, rings, and other Cyclopean jewelry, around the trees, has never been equalled by the performances of any equatorial hurricane of which we have read; while the manner in which some of our western tornadoes have carried cattle skyward, renders a belief in the gymnastics of that celebrated cow that jumped over the moon, a matter of no great difficulty. As for gigantic oaks, flourishing villages, and the other things that tornadoes delight to feed upon, they are a mere flea-bite for one of our regular, ring-tailed roarers. The snapping of his terrible jaws is heard, and a whole township lies craunched and mangled, as with wild, thundering demoniac laughter the awful visitant rushes on his path of desolation.

MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS.

According to the most authentic accounts, there have been over twenty thousand Christians massacred in Syria, by the Druses. These pagans are among the most powerful and ferocious of the ancient races that inhabit the mountainous regions of Syria, and have long cherished the deadliest hatred against all sects of Christians. This hatred has now culminated in the massacre of so many thousands of men, women and children, with all the horrors that the most fanatic barbarity could inflict. The details of some of these butcheries are too terrible for print; the mind sickens and staggers under them. And yet the land where they are perpetrated is the country which France and England went to war with Russia for, a few years since, in order to preserve it intact for the Sultan of Turkey, whose officers now abet these horrible slaughters. Had Russia annexed Syria, these terrible scenes would never have been enacted; but it is not to be expected that the half-civilized and fanatical Mahommedans should sympathize with the Christian inhabitants. The mistake was, and is, in permitting the barbarous Turks to reign over a rood of land in Christendom, or that is inhabited by Christians anywhere. The Turkish Empire is an anachronism and a nuisance, and it ought to be abated forthwith. Let it be rubbed off the world's slate, at the earliest day possible.

DANGEROUS "TRIFLES."

We have noticed, in our exchanges, within a few months past, accounts of many deaths occasioned by trifling wounds, burns and scratches. Such "trifles" should always receive prompt and skillful attention. A little arnica rubbed on a scratch, or even the plentiful and timely application of cold water, might often prevent fatal consequences. To all persons who are prone to neglect these dangerous "trifles," we commend the favorite proverb of a wise man of old: "There is never any danger in being *sure* that you are safe."

OUR RAG MONEY.

BROOKLYN, *July 28th*, 1860.

MR. BONNER—*Dear Sir*:—I really felt ashamed, the other day, on board the Great Eastern, of the stuff we are compelled to put up with in this country for money. The Britishers who sold books, medals and refreshments on board the 'skiff,' lived in a state of perplexity that was pitiable to see. They made a kind of pretense of looking into Counterfeit Detectors, but evidently found the remedy worse than the disease. They could make nothing of it, and took the poor, little, dirty, crumpled dollar bills in despair. And it is not foreigners alone who are distracted with our multifarious assortment of rags. Nearly all women who are engaged in business, and most men whose business is of limited extent, are continually bothered to tell a good bill from a bad one. Can't something be done to remedy this state of things?

FOURTH OF JULY.

Some people consider paper money as one of our chronic nuisances. If it be so, it is one from which *we* can see no practical mode of relief. Thirty years ago, in the days of Old Hickory, there was a general revolt against the paper-money system, and one of the chief causes of the popularity of Gen. Jackson was the belief that he was about to give the country a currency of gold and silver. But after the lapse of a quarter of a century, we are as much dependent on paper money as ever. A country that produces fifty millions of gold per annum, has not gold enough in circulation to buy its marketing. In one respect, however, we have advanced. Nobody now is foolish enough to suppose that any politician can wave his wand over the country, and make gold abundant. We all now understand that the laws which regulate the flow of gold are as unchangeable and as universal in their operation as the law of gravitation. As long as we buy fifty millions a year of Europe more than we sell to Europe, so long we shall have to send out gold to pay for the excess, and so long we shall have to put up with rags and Counterfeit Detectors. England is full of gold, because she sells more than she buys. We cannot keep our gold, because we buy more than we sell. Our golden age has yet to come.

THE DECENCIES OF POLITICAL WARFARE.

So far the war of words which always precedes a federal election, has been, upon the whole, less acrimonious than usual. Perhaps the idea that some of the discordant political elements may hereafter find it convenient to coalesce, suggests to all parties the propriety of being more civil to each other than formerly, or possibly opposing politicians are becoming more charitable and Christian-like in their feelings toward each other than they used to be. Be this as it may, many of the political presses seem more disposed to "poke fun" than to shoot poisoned arrows. No one of the candidates has as yet, we believe, been accused of any capital crime, or even of any heinous misdemeanor. Seeing that in former presidential campaigns such delectable epithets as assassin, coward, traitor, drunkard and blackleg, were applied to some of the most distinguished candidates for the chief magistracy, we accept the present forbearance from such blackguardisms as an indication that the "morals of politics" are improving. It is better to be humorous than venomous, and broad jokes are preferable to malignant libels. As the combat deepens and the belligerents warm to their work, harder words may be expected; but we hope and believe that partizan politicians will spare *the people* the pain of seeing and hearing prominent citizens, who have deserved well of their country, and never done anything to disgrace themselves, stigmatized as ruffians are accustomed to stigmatize ruffians. Such electioneering is revolting to all right-thinking Americans, and the comments which it provokes abroad are at once mortifying and unanswerable.

BOOK-BORROWERS.

NEW YORK, *July 30th*, 1860.

MR. BONNER, please allow me to say publicly in the LEDGER, that of all petty larcenies book-stealing, under the guise of "borrowing," is the most aggravating and the meanest. I do not know why I should call it a "*petty*" larceny, since the borrower is often better able to supply a whole library, than the lender to part forever with the missing volume; but I won't attempt to argue that point, lest, as we women are apt to do, I *prove* just the opposite of what I *feel* to be the truth. But one thing I *know*, and that is, that these book-borrowing thieves *don't* "forget all about it," as they pretend to do. That pretending to "forget" is one of the meanest features in the case. In fact, this "thoughtlessness" is getting to mean *criminality* in my view, as I hunt day after day for some favorite volume, whose absence often spoils a whole set. I grow "vicious" about it, and out of humor, and want something done to put a stop to such doings. Can't *you* help me in this just cause?

A VICTIM OF BOOK-BORROWERS.

We sympathize with our fair, suffering and spirited correspondent, and think we can suggest a plan whereby she may gain relief. First, do not lend a book; or, secondly, if you do lend one, make a note of the borrower's name and residence, and, after a due time has elapsed, *send for the volume, and keep sending till you get it.* Such a course, gently but firmly pursued, would be both proper and efficacious.

SCRIBBLERS AT HOTELS.

The "——— House," ———, is a model hotel in every particular; and its popular proprietor is a model landlord. Everything in and about the premises is as neat and nice as a band-box; and the company one meets there is tip-top.—*Boston paper.*

The above notice is incomplete. The writer of it should have added that *he got his victuals and lodging free*, while he stopped there; and that he took that method of paying for them. Why not be plain and honest with your readers? Never suppress the truth. Those persons who claim *free* accommodations at various hotels around the country, on the strength of being "connected with the press," are proper candidates for the workhouse. Too lazy to work, ashamed to beg, and afraid (much to the credit of their nervous systems) to steal, they resort to soft soap and "cheek" to aid them in getting through the world comfortably. Because they scribble a paragraph for "*The Muttonhead Gazette*," now and then, they imagine that all "outsiders" must bow down to them. Let us inform hotel-keepers, here and elsewhere, that no REPUTABLE member of the press either asks or receives alms. *He pays for what he gets.*

LADIES AND LAP-DOGS.

Why do ladies carry, or lead, lap-dogs in the street? It is a most repulsive sight. If they fancy these pets, let them lavish their affections upon them in private. A lady in the *street*, defending her poodle against the annoyance of other canines, kicking out her foot at the intruders, striking at them with her parasol, and snatching her muddy-pawed favorite up in her arms for safe-keeping, is not an agreeable sight. We had much rather see her leading a little child by the hand, if she wants a companion or plaything. However, if a thing is "the fashion" we suppose some people will consider it all right; but *we* are *old*-fashioned, and cannot get sufficiently used to this new-fangled feminine diversion, to look upon it with any degree of complacency.

THE GREENEST MAN OUT.—An old New Yorker was knocked down and beaten in one of our public streets, the other night, by a parcel of rowdies. When he had got to his feet and they had fled, he was verdant enough to ask the question, "*Where is the police?*" The cows will chase him if he ever goes into the country—sure.

LEISURE HOURS.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

No. Eight.

LEATHER—BOOTS AND SHOES.

There is nothing more beautiful in the economy of nature, than the adaptation of its different parts to each other. This harmonious relation is not confined to rational beings, as members of one social family; but it unites man with the lower animals, and with inanimate, and even inorganic nature; as it does the various inferior orders of Nature with each other, in a common contribution to the support and happiness of man. The Creator, for instance, could have formed man as he did the lower animals, with a natural covering to protect him against the elements, but he has made him dependent on animals and plants for his clothing. The various orders of animals could have been created with an organization not requiring to be sustained by any assimilation of food, or capable of deriving it, as the plants do, from the soil and the air, without any process but that of absorption. They have been, however, created with appetites and organic functions, that require a variety of nutriment, and the earth, air, and sea abound with the means of supplying the craving want. It is amazing to me that persons, who aspire to the character of philosophers, and assume even the office of teaching their fellow-men, should find, in these all-pervading traces of harmonious adjustment, not proofs of the Wisdom and Love of its Divine Author, but arguments for the insane hypothesis, that it is all a piece of soulless machinery. We must, at least, however, give them credit for the respect they pay to the sound common sense and rational piety of mankind, in veiling their godless unbelief under the name of Pantheism, and even making a free (though deceptive) use of the Sacred Name.

In nothing that relates to the body is this mutual adaptation of man and inferior nature more apparent than in his clothing, next to food the most important condition of his physical existence, (at least in the cold and temperate regions,) and derived about equally from the animal and vegetable kingdoms. A volume might be filled with an account of the origin, nature, and preparation of the different articles, which are made use of in our clothing for purposes of utility and taste. I propose in this paper to say a few words on those which are derived from the skins of animals, and are known in the arts under the general name of *Leather*.

The broad leaves and fibrous inner bark of trees were the materials, in the tropical regions, of the original clothing of mankind, as they still are among barbarous tribes. In colder climates, the skins of animals formed the primitive protection from the inclemency of the weather. They are not yet disused by the peasantry in Northern regions, and form much of the clothing of our aboriginal races, and other tribes equally uncivilized. These, with all other simple products of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, are steadily giving way to the textile fabrics of the civilized races, which are carried by commerce to the utmost ends of the earth. Our coarse muslins are now worn by the native races of Polynesia, and blankets and heavy cloths are superseding bear skins and buffalo robes on the shores of Hudson's Bay.

But skins, in the form of leather, still retain their place, as an all-important article, not only for the protection of the feet and hands, but for very many other purposes of convenience and utility, such as harness, saddlery, hose, and gearing. It is beginning to be displaced for some of these uses by the recently introduced elastic gums; which have for the outside covering even of the feet, made some encroachment on the province of leather. This last article, however, will, in all human probability, in time to come, as in time past, be the main dependence for boots, shoes, and gloves.

But though the skins of animals, which in some form or other constituted the primitive clothing of man in cold climates, may be called substantially a natural product, that preparation in which they are now mainly used, under the name of *leather*, not only calls into action some of the mysterious affinities of nature, (to which I referred in the beginning of these remarks,) but requires a resort to various ingenious artificial manipulations previous to its final use. If nothing were done to the skin but simply removing it from the animal, and divesting it of hair and wool, the skin itself would either soon putrefy, or in a very dry atmosphere become hard and dry. The savage is able, by rude processes, requiring much time and labor, (principally rubbing in oil,) to preserve the skin from decay and give it flexibility; but it is adapted to the multifarious uses of civilized life, in the various forms of leather, by the curious process of tanning.

This operation, so familiar in practice, but little understood probably by the mass of those who wear boots and shoes, is an instance of that mutual adaptation to each other of the different parts of the material world, and all to the service of man, to which I have alluded. The skin upon the living animal is flexible and impervious to moisture. These qualities must be preserved, and others of an important kind, such as toughness and incorruptibility, added. This is done by removing the fatty, fleshy and other more perishable parts, by steeping in lime pits or (what is now the more common process) sweating, and thus reducing the skin nearly to the state of *gelatine*. Now this substance—of which, in a tolerably pure form, isinglass is a specimen—has a strong natural affinity, with an astringent principle abounding in many vegetable substances, of which the bark of the oak and hemlock trees, in this region, is the most common. This astringent principle is called *tannin* by chemists, a name derived from the process of tanning, of which it forms the basis. By this operation the skin, which has been previously reduced almost to pure gelatine and the fibrous texture which holds it together, is converted into the tough, moderately flexible, and impervious substance which we call leather. The general name of tanning includes the various operations, by which the skins are converted into sole leather, upper leather, morocco, glove leather, and wash leather, but we have now in view chiefly the first named, in which the process is seen in its simplest form. It is usually conducted in large pits, by which a strong solution of the bark and other substances containing the astringent principle is applied to the skins, and in which they are kept for months, sometimes in Europe for years. By this process, not only is a chemical change effected in the skin, but a considerable addition is made to its weight, by the incorporation into its body of the particles of the tanning substance. It is stated on good authority that, with skilful management, the raw, dry hide when converted into well tanned sole leather, should gain from thirty to fifty per cent. in weight. When the hide is prepared by the sweating process instead of the lime pit, the increase in weight should be from sixty to seventy per cent. In New York and the States north of it, hemlock-bark is the article principally used in tanning sole leather. Further south, oak-bark is more commonly employed. It is not unusual, in the north, to erect the tannery on the skirts of a hemlock forest. An establishment on a large scale,—the substantial brick buildings furnished with all the modern improvements in the different branches of the business, on a well selected spot, on the banks of a pure, running stream, (by which the offensive matters are promptly carried off,) and where the horizontal branches of the hemlock trees afford a dense and grateful shade in summer, and even in winter wear an aspect of vitality, while the breeze, as it sighs through their branches, fills the air with a soothing, though somewhat saddening, music, is by no means one of the least pleasing features of many a landscape in the interior of New England and New York.

It would far exceed the limits of this paper to enter more into detail on this branch of the subject, or to describe the processes by which the other kinds of leather are prepared, though there is much to interest the inquisitive mind, in the various operations by which these beautiful products are prepared for use. Especially would a complete treatise on the subject show how contributions are levied by human intelligence from every kingdom of nature, every branch of art, every department of science, and every country on the face of the globe. I have myself seen a vessel taking in Valonia at the Dardanelles, [think of sending to the dominions of old Priam, for materials to be used in the tanneries of a country, not discovered for nearly three thousand years after the time of Homer;] Sicily furnishes Sumach; Cutch is imported from Persia and hither India; Gambir from the Malayan Peninsula and the Indian Archipelago, and hides from South America and California; while we ourselves export to England the inner bark of the black oak, beautifully prepared and shredded, under the name of Quercitron.

But we must say a few words on the manufacture of the article, which has now become a most important and leading branch of industry. That it must be so, will appear from a moment's reflection. The census of this year will probably show, that the population of the United States amounts to thirty-two millions. Let us deduct two millions for the children not old enough to wear any other shoes than those knit by fond and patient hands in the anxious months of expectation, and allow two pairs annually for the rest of the population. If this is too large an allowance for a considerable number of persons, who do not wear out more than one pair of boots or shoes in the year, there is certainly a much larger number of the hard-working population, on the one hand, and of those in easy circumstances on the other, who require much more than two pairs annually. Two pairs annually is the allowance of the laboring population at the South. Perhaps it will not be thought too high to assume a dollar as the average price of this annual pair of boots and shoes, required for the consumption of the United States; a price certainly as much below the average of the larger, superior and custom-made descriptions, as it is above the smaller and coarser. These estimates would give sixty millions of dollars, as the value of the boots and shoes annually consumed in the United States. Would it be an overestimate to suppose that an equal amount of leather is annually required, in the various other manufactures of that article, harness of every description, saddlery, gearing for machinery, hose, caps, aprons, gloves, and other miscellaneous fabrics, and in the dressed hides and articles made of leather exported to foreign countries? If this would not be an overestimate, we shall have one hundred and twenty millions of dollars as the annual amount of leather manufactured and consumed or exported by the United States. I do not dwell on the import of dressed leather and the articles made of it, of which the entire annual amount does not probably exceed four or five millions of dollars.

Before the Revolution, and indeed long after it, the manufacture of boots and shoes was scarcely known in America, as a great branch of industry. The population was small and the demand, of course, limited. The articles of finer quality and higher price were imported from "the mother country." This was the case also for the stout article required at the South. On this side of the water the domestic demand was supplied by small establishments in the country, where the shoemaker's shop formed a sort of village exchange, and the news of the day was discussed over the lap-stone. In those days there was no telegraph, and the news got to be rather of the oldest, before it penetrated, by means of the semi-weekly seven-by-nine journal, from the sea-ports to the interior. In haying-time the shop was very apt to be shut up; while on the other hand, in the winter, a considerable part of the rural population took up shoe-making at home. The case is now far different; with the exception of a trifling importation from Europe, the entire demand of the country is supplied by the home manufacture, of which the chief part is carried on in the New England states, and the greater portion in Massachusetts, where it is stated that not less than eighty thousand persons are directly or indirectly concerned in the manufacture and sale of boots and shoes. One entire street in Boston and large portions of other streets are lined with granite warehouses, devoted to this business, and large capitals are invested in it, the management of which requires an intelligence and energy not inferior to those which are developed in any other kind of commerce. In 1857 there were in that city 218 wholesale shoe-dealers, who sold in that year boots and shoes

that cost	$34,100,000
The amount of leather sold the same year was	25,650,000
Of shoes sold at retail	1,390,000
Total	$61,140,000

These city establishments have their branches or correspondents in the great manufacturing towns and villages in the interior, Lynn, Haverhill, Danvers, Natick, Hopkinton, North Brookfield and other places, where much of the work is cut out and distributed to the families and individuals employed in making it up. Some portion, however, of the stock, after being cut out, is sent back into the interior of New Hampshire and Maine, where labor is cheap, to be put together. This was one of the causes of discontent on the part of the work-people in the large manufacturing towns and villages who engaged in the recent strikes. It is said that half the men's thick brogans sold in Boston are made in New Hampshire and Maine. We learn from General Washington's Diary, that when he passed through Lynn, (Mass.) on the 29th of October, 1789, he was informed that "175,000 pairs of shoes (women's chiefly) had been made in that place in a year by about 400 workmen." At the present time it is calculated that five thousand workmen are employed in Lynn, who make five and a half million pairs of shoes, still principally women's, annually.

Till a few years ago, all the work in the manufacture of boots and shoes, as of all the other fabrics of leather, was done by hand. Now a vast deal of machinery, of a highly ingenious and efficient kind, has been introduced in almost every branch of the manufacture. There is a machine for splitting leather, which takes a side, though it be already of no great thickness, and passing it through nicely adjustable rollers, along one of which a keen blade lies in ambush, brings it out on the other side, divided into two skins. They are not, it is true, of equal value, but the least valuable serves for the lighter parts of the work. Then there is a machine to compress the sole leather and produce nearly all the effect of the old process of hammering. Another machine cuts out the soles to their approximate size and shape, and another shapes the heels. There is even, among the minor apparatus, a contrivance for turning the legs of boots right side out, after they have been sewed up on the wrong side.

But the greatest saving of manual labor is taking place by the introduction of the sewing machines. Many persons will agree with Governor King of New York, who remarked, at some exhibition of manufactures, that the best sewing machine was the skilful and industrious hand of one of the better halves of creation. But we must set off against the agreeable associations awakened by this gallant remark, the terrible picture portrayed in Hood's song of "Stitch, Stitch, Stitch." Although the sewing machine can never make us independent of wives, sisters, and daughters, for the numberless and nameless little services, which penetrate far beyond the convenience, into the kindly sympathies, of domestic life, it is destined to play a most important part, in relieving human hands, and economizing the time of man and woman, now employed in laboriously plying the needle. The sewing machine was at first constructed solely in reference to work on light tissues; but modifications have been made in it, which adapt it to heavy work of all kinds in leather, duck and sail cloth. When we reflect upon the vast amount of work required to sew the seams in all the stout boots and shoes, saddles, caps, and sails, annually made up in this country, it will be easy to form a conception of the extreme importance of doing the work by machinery. Thus far the sewing machine has only been used on the upper leather; but of late a machine has been invented for sewing the soles, which, if found to succeed, will prove of great value. It is thought that it will sew the soles of a pair of shoes in from one minute to a minute and a half, at a cost of from 30 to 33 cents,—work which would now cost 112 1-2 cents. During the late Italian war, immense orders were sent to this country, both from France and Germany, for sewed shoes to supply the armies. But there were so few workmen accustomed to sewed work, that these orders could not be executed with the required promptitude.

A few years ago it was discovered that for many descriptions of work, the soles, instead of being stitched on, might be advantageously attached to the upper part of boots and shoes by pegs, which were driven in by hand. Copper tacks had been previously used, but not with entire success, though not yet wholly laid aside. The employment of pegs was deemed a discovery of great consequence; but a much more important one has been recently made. How far it has been introduced in practice, I am not informed, but I saw it at work, and apparently with great success, a few months ago. This is a contrivance for pegging the soles of boots and shoes by machinery, by which an active and skilful workman can peg fifty or sixty pairs *per* hour of women's boots and shoes, with one row of pegs, being about 220 pegs to the pair, or seven pegs to the inch, while by the hand he could in the same time peg only from five to seven pairs, at a cost of 3 cents the pair. This, however, is above the average. To peg in two rows requires less additional time in proportion than in one. The machine pricks the awl-hole, cuts, inserts, and drives the peg. It is impossible, without ocular inspection, to form a just idea of the despatch and neatness with which the operation is performed. Should this machine be found on trial to answer the end for which it is designed, and of this I see no reason to doubt, it will effect a very great saving of labor and of course a vast economy in the cost of boots and shoes.

Another piece of machinery, the complement of the pegging machine, has also been contrived, for the purpose of manufacturing the pegs. A log of birch of any desired length, say ten feet, and a foot and a half in diameter, is placed in a large lathe, by which the bark is removed, and the log reduced to an even cylindrical form. Parallel knives, six I believe in number, are then applied to it, by which that number of ribbons or strips a hundred feet in length is rapidly thrown off, as thick as a peg and as wide as a peg is long. These strips are then passed through a small cutting machine to give them a bevelled edge. Twenty five thousand feet in length of these strips are thrown off in a day, which sell for seven cents the hundred feet, having cost but one or two cents, for the same quantity. Moderate lengths of the strips are placed in the pegging machine; but they are also cut into separate pegs and sent in great quantities all over the United States, and even to England and Germany. They are sold at from 60 to 80 cents the bushel.

Shoes for boys and children generally have lately been made with copper tips at the toe to prevent their being stubbed out in *coasting* and other similar operations; a contrivance likely to meet with a warm welcome from paterfamilias. Some light work also has been put together with gum elastic, without stitching or pegs. It is said to be impervious to moisture, and to answer very well for women's and children's wear.

These memoranda could be greatly extended and much additional information given on all branches of the subject, from the notes kindly furnished me by an esteemed friend largely engaged in the wholesale trade. It is satisfactory to reflect that although the business is not in a highly prosperous state, it has improved from the depressed condition of last year, and has suffered no permanent injury from the recent strike. Just before that took place, shoemakers working by the pair, earned from $1 to $1 75 *per diem.* Those using machines more frequently work by the day, and earn more in proportion. Though a somewhat confining occupation, it is not an unhealthy one for those who are prudent in diet and exercise, especially for those who do the heavy pegged work, and stand or sit at high benches. Much of the work being performed in small shops, admits the convenient co-operation of the members of the same family of both sexes and all ages, and is free from the inconveniencies of immense factories. Women and girls are employed about in the proportion of 7 to 9 of men. The business, though subject to the fluctuations of all branches of trade, has been a source of great prosperity to those parts of the country where it has been most extensively carried on. Each district or town manufactures its special description of boots, shoes, or brogans, men's, women's, or children's, coarse or fine; and has its own well-defined style of workmanship, which is readily identified by the trader. The work people of both sexes, as might be expected from the sedentary nature of the occupation are, generally speaking, of a reflecting and meditative character, somewhat impressible, and subject to emotional influences, as was seen in the late strike (one of the most extensive movements of the kind ever witnessed in this country), but not allowing themselves even under strong excitement, to be carried to desperate lengths, nor slow to listen to sober counsels. They are great readers of the weekly newspapers, among which it is hardly necessary to indicate their especial favorite. There is no class of the population, by which the NEW YORK LEDGER is more generally read.

WHOLESOME sentiment is rain, which makes the fields of daily life fresh and odorous.

OH, WOULD THAT I HAD POWER TO CALM.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Oh, would that I had power to calm
This throbbing heart of mine;
The patience that would make me bear
My griefs—and not repine;
For from its deepest, secret cell,
A whispering comes to me,
That tells my sad and dreary soul
I nothing am to thee.

They tell me I am fading fast,
And yet they know not why;
They cannot think what 'tis that dims
The lustre of mine eye;
But, oh! dear one, upon thy ear
The painful truth must fall,
I am not loved of thee, whose heart
I prize above them all.

Ah me! how well a sunny smile
A breaking heart may hide;
How much of grief may be concealed
Beneath a glance of pride;
And often when thy hand I clasp,
This throbbing heart of mine
Prays fervently for strength to bear
Its griefs—and not repine.

◆

ROSE ELMER;

OR,

A DIVIDED HEART AND A DIVIDED LIFE.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER XXV.—(CONTINUED.)

It was near noon when Lady Lester's bell rang; and it was two hours later that the family physician sought her presence and carefully broke to her the news of her bereavement. The shock was tremendous, and overwhelmed for the moment even her cold, hard, unloving nature. Her attendants were summoned in haste to put their mistress to bed; and the utmost skill of the physician was taxed to assuage her nervous sufferings.

Laura Elmer waited to be of service; but almost the first intelligible words that Lady Lester spoke were—

"Has that Miss Elmer gone?"

She was answered that Miss Elmer remained to see if she could be of any use in the present extreme distress of the family.

"Tell her no; beg her to go at once. I could not bear the sight of her, I am sure. It was all her doing; all her unprincipled coquetry. She flirted with Cassinove, and encouraged Sir Vincent, and played them off, one against the other, in the most infamous manner, until she maddened both with jealousy, as every one in the house could swear," said her ladyship, breaking into a fresh paroxysm of emotion.

Laura Elmer had meantime gently and tenderly informed the children of the sudden death of their father, withholding for the present the manner of his death; she had borne all the burthen of their wild grief until the storm exhausted itself for the time; she had then soothed and comforted them in the best manner she could, and left them quiet, in the care of their good nurse, Rachel.

Next she went into the library, and wrote letters to Mr. Ruthven Lester, who was then at Bath, and to other near friends of the family, telling him merely of the sudden death of the baronet, and suggesting the need of their immediate presence in the house. She had despatched these letters to the post, and was engaged in writing a note, summoning the family solicitor, when the door opened, and Dr. Clark entered, and made known to her the wish of Lady Lester.

Miss Elmer, now that she had done all that she was able to do for the assistance of the distressed family, and much also that others in the excitement of the day had forgotten or neglected to perform, was really not sorry to be set at liberty.

"Shall I go in and take leave of her ladyship?" inquired Laura.

"No, I think not, Miss Elmer; Lady Lester is sleeping under the influence of a powerful narcotic, and must not be disturbed for hours," said the doctor, who in no degree credited the charges of her ladyship against the noble-looking girl before him.

"Then I will leave with you my adieu to Lady Lester, and beg you to assure her of my deep sympathy," said Laura.

"I will not fail to do so, or to let her ladyship know how much we are all indebted to your self-possession, forethought, and activity in the present distressing crisis. You have thought of everything that was forgotten, and done everything that was neglected by others."

"I have done only what I felt constrained to do under the circumstances, and if there is anything else in which I can be of use, I hope you will let me know."

"Certainly, Miss Elmer; you are exceedingly kind and disinterested in the assistance you have given this afflicted family, especially when your private griefs and anxieties must have pressed heavily upon your mind and heart," said the doctor, kindly.

At this first word of sympathy Laura's fine eyes filled with tears.

"You do not believe Ferdinand Cassinove to be guilty?" she said.

"No, no, on my soul and honor, no; I have observed the young man ever since he has been in the family; it is impossible he could have been guilty of such a crime."

"The Lord in Heaven bless you for these words."

"But oh! I fear it will be difficult to make a judge and jury believe as we do," said Laura, involuntarily wringing her hands over each other in the extremity of her distress.

"We must trust in God, employ the most cunning detectives to trace out the real criminal, and engage the best counsel for the defence of the supposed one."

"*We*—do you say *we?* Oh, Dr. Clark, am I to understand that your sympathies are entirely with us, and that you will assist us with your greater experience and advice?" asked Laura, clasping her hands and looking imploringly into the good physician's venerable face.

"Yes, my child, yes; not only with my advice, but with my purse and my active assistance. I consider it a duty, due not only to the cause of humanity, but to the cause of justice, and not only to the wrongfully-accused prisoner, but to my deceased friend, to try to discover the real murderer."

"Heaven bless you, Doctor Clark, for the comfort you have given me," exclaimed Laura Elmer, fervently.

"You are going, I heard you say, to visit the young man in prison?"

"Yes; he has neither mother nor sister in the world; he has no relative on earth that I know of; he has only me, his promised wife, and I must go to him, let the bad world say what it will," said Laura, firmly.

"You are quite right, my dear; but Newgate is not exactly the place to visit alone, especially for the first time. You must let me take you there, my dear, and make you known to the governor, after which you will be able to repeat your visit without the fear of rudeness from the officials. I shall be at liberty to attend you at four o'clock this afternoon. In the meantime, my dear, you had better, for your own comfort, see to your removal. Have you secured lodgings?"

"Yes, Doctor Clark, very good ones, with a friend of Mr. Cassinove's, at Chelsea."

"Then send your luggage on at once with a note to your landlady. Then, at four o'clock, I will take you to Newgate, where we can see and consult with this much injured young man, and afterwards I can set you down at your lodgings," said the venerable physician, as, with an encouraging pressure of her hand, he left Laura Elmer.

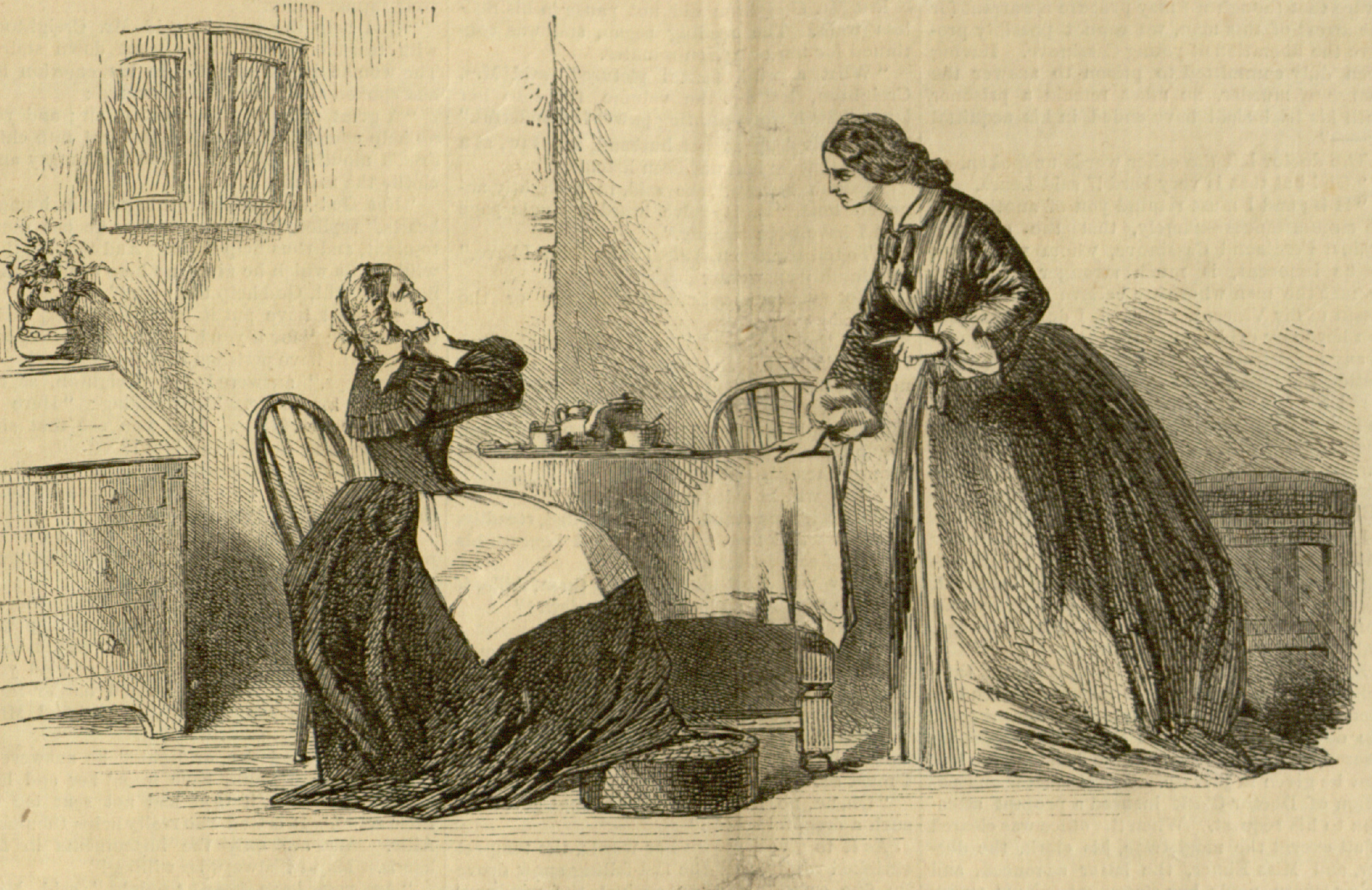
Miss Elmer despatched the note that she had been writing to the family solicitor, and then repaired to her chamber, packed and sent off her boxes, with a brief note, to Mrs. Russel, saying only that she would be with her later in the afternoon.

Miss Elmer considerately refrained from trying the spirits of the distressed children, by taking a formal leave of them, and contented herself by leaving with the nurse an affectionate message for the little girls.

Punctually at four o'clck the doctor's carriage was at the door, and Laura, accompanied by her kind old friend, departed for that old abode of sin and sorrow, Newgate.

A half-hour's ride brought them to the gloomy prison.

Doctor Clark took Miss Elmer first into the apartments of the governor, to whom he made some communication apart to secure for his *protégée* civility and attention in her future visits to the prison.



AN EARNEST APPEAL.

Then, attended by an officer, they went to the cell in which Ferninand Cassinove was confined.

The young man received them calmly and even cheerfully; thanking Doctor Clark for his attention in escorting Laura Elmer to the prison, and silently blessing his betrothed with a most eloquent glance for the comfort she brought in coming to visit him. He had recovered from the first stunning effect of his arrest and imprisonment upon the heinous charge of murder, and was prepared to take a calm view of his position and prospects. He offered the only chair in his cell to Miss Elmer, and invited Doctor Clark to sit beside him on the cot bedstead. Then the three entered into conversation upon the best course to be pursued for his defence. Cassinove again repeated to his friends all the circumstances of his presence in the bed-chamber of Sir Vincent immediately after the murder. The doctor advised him to reduce that statement carefully to writing, and to put it into the hands of his counsel. He then informed the young man of the determination that Miss Elmer and himself had come to, namely, to employ the most cunning detectives in searching for the discovery of the murderer, and engaging the most eminent counsel in defending the case of the prisoner. And that he should take this course, not only in respect to humanity and justice endangered in the person of his young friend, but in regard to old friendships in that of his deceased patron.

Cassinove thanked him with deep emotion. They remained consulting with, encouraging and comforting the young man, until the hour arrived at which the prison-doors were to be closed for the night, and then, with the promise to send an eminent lawyer to see the prisoner in the morning, and to visit him every day, the good doctor took leave, and brought Miss Elmer away.

And in another hour he set her down at Daisy Cottage, Hay-lane, Chelsea.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE NOCTURNAL VISIT.

And hollow, strange, unprecedented sounds,
And earnest whisperings ran along the halls
At dead of night; and long, deep, endless sighs
Came from the dreary room. POLLOK.

The sun was setting when Laura Elmer alighted from the doctor's carriage, bade him good afternoon, and entered the little gate leading up a shaded walk to the door of Laburnum cottage, at the head of Hay-lane, where Mrs. Russel kept her little shop, and let her neat lodgings.

Miss Elmer did not know whether Mrs. Russel had as yet heard of the tragedy at Lester House, and its calamitous consequences to their mutual friend, and she almost dreaded to meet her landlady.

But the moment Mrs. Russel opened the door in answer to her knock, Miss Elmer saw that she knew the worst. The poor little woman's eyes were red and swollen with tears, and her first words were:

"Oh, Miss Elmer! Oh, Miss Elmer! what shall I do?"

"Trust in God and do all that we can," replied Laura, in a low voice, as she pressed the hand that was held out to her.

"Oh, you say that, Miss Elmer, but you do not know all the poor young gentleman was to me and my children, or you could not speak so calmly. He was almost our only friend; he would, and, indeed, he *did*, divide his last sovereign with us. I loved him like a brother," exclaimed the poor woman, speaking of Cassinove in the past tense, as one already dead.

She conducted Miss Elmer into the neat back parlor, where a bright little fire was burning, while the last beams of the setting sun were glancing through the vine-shaded windows, and the little table was neatly set for tea.

She relieved Miss Elmer of her bonnet and mantle, and placed her in the pleasantest seat, between the cheerful window and the lively fire and the cosy table.

She poured out the tea, and served her guest with toast, and then her spirits quite broke down.

"I remember it was under just such circumstances that Jonathan Bradford, poor man, was executed. He heard a cry of murder in the night, and rushed into his guest's bed-room, just in time to see the murderer escape by the open window. He picked up the razor with which the victim's throat had been cut, and was found with it, standing over the murdered man, by the assembled household. It was no use for him to explain; his innocence did him no good with the judge and jury, and he was hanged, and it was years and years after that the real murderer, who was brought to the gallows for another crime, confessed the deed for which poor Jonathan Bradford was executed. And so it will be with poor Mr. Cassinove—I know it. I know it. Oh, oh, oh, what shall I do?" cried the poor woman, bursting into a fresh flood of tears.

"Oh, Heaven! let us hope not. Such a case as that of poor Bradford should be a warning forever against the acceptation of circumstantial evidence, and must be a powerful argument against the conviction of Mr. Cassinove!" exclaimed Laura Elmer, appalled at the picture of probabilities sketched by Mrs. Russel.

"But the circumstances are even stronger against poor Mr. Cassinove. He was not only found with the dagger, standing over the murdered man, but he was accused by the dying words of Sir Vincent as the murderer," said Mrs. Russel, who seemed fated to take the gloomiest view of the case; and, indeed, whose many sorrows had taught her always to despair rather than to hope.

"But I wouldn't believe it! I wouldn't believe it! no, not if Sir Vincent, instead of being a worldly baronet, had been a saintly bishop, and had sworn it on the holy Bible with his last breath!" she added, indignantly.

"I do not think that the last rather incoherent words of Sir Vincent Lester, should be construed into an accusation of Mr. Cassinove, since there was no name mentioned."

"But the judge and jury *will* construe it so, you'll see," sighed the desponding woman.

"I hope not; I believe wherever there is a reasonable doubt, an English jury will lean to the side of mercy," said the hopeful girl.

"Did they do it on the coroner's inquest? No, the bloodthirsty wretches, they did not!"

"Do not be unjust, Mrs. Russel, remember that the coroner's jury only by their verdict sent the case up to a higher court. Great injustice has been done to Mr. Cassinove; but let us not, therefore, too severely blame those who conscientiously performed their duty."

"Oh, you do not take his part zealously, because you do not feel as I do about him. The dear young gentleman was nothing to you, Miss Elmer. And now that he is in disgrace down there in Newgate, under the charge of murder, having his name bruited all over the earth as the assassin of his patron, and all the world calling down imprecations upon him as an unnatural monster, with the certainty of an ignominious death, and a shameful grave before him, perhaps it would not be discreet in a young lady to speak a word in his defence, or even to acknowledge that she had ever known him," said Mrs. Russel, bitterly, for many disappointments, wrongs, and sorrows had infused a good deal of the rue into her composition.

Laura Elmer's fine face flushed all over. The tears rushed to her dark eyes. She loved Mrs. Russel for her warm, earnest, angry defence of Cassinove. She arose and grasped the hand of her landlady, and her voice vibrated deeply with her strong emotion, as she said:

"I am the betrothed wife of Ferdinand Cassinove. I stood by him in his trouble; I visited him in prison; I have but just left his cell; I shall visit him daily; and if discreet friends object to that, I shall redeem my pledge by giving him my hand, and winning the wife's privilege of remaining with him to the last."

"Is it so? O, Miss Elmer, is it so? And I have been so unjust in my thoughts of you! On my knees I would beg your pardon! You have a noble heart! a great, grand heart! And I could so mistake you! I saw that you looked pale and haggard when you came in, but I thought that you were only fatigued and indisposed, and that a cup of tea would set you right; and I was, besides, too much absorbed in my distress about my poor young Cassinove to think much about anything else. But now—but now—oh! my dear young lady, how much you really do suffer. I see it in you. Oh, my dear, command me. I will do anything on earth to serve you or him!" said Mrs. Russel, sobbing afresh.

"I thank you from my heart, dear friend. I know that you are a true friend to Mr. Cassinove. I will be sure to let you know if you can do anything more for him than give him your welcome sympathy," said Laura Elmer, warmly.

"You may be sure he has that always. You saw him in prison to-day? How is the dear, young gentleman? How does he bear his misfortune?"

"Like himself: thinking more of the sorrows of others than of his own danger; thinking more of the dead baronet, sent prematurely to his account, and the awfully bereaved and afflicted friends, than of his own sufferings and perils."

"God bless him! God deliver him!"

"He will! He has already raised up a zealous and powerful friend in Dr. Clark. I shall also write to my friend, the young Duchess of Beresleigh, and may count upon her influence with the duke. They will, in all probability, be here before the trial comes on. And though wealth and rank cannot always turn aside the course of justice, yet in a case of *in*justice such as this, it is well to have powerful friends at work for us. I shall, besides, follow a slight clue that I have to the real murderer."

"A clue to the real murderer!" exclaimed the landlady, in a sort of fury of exultation.

"Yes—hush! the utmost secrecy and caution will be necessary to my success."

"Why did you not give this clue at the inquest?"

"Because, in the first consternation and anguish produced by the discovery of the murder and the accusation of Ferdinand Cassinove, it had not occurred to me. Besides, the clue is so slight that no one but myself would think it of the least importance; it is only a private conviction that proves to me its value. And lastly, this clue, to lead us to discovery, must be followed up with the utmost caution. To have it discussed would only be to warn those whom I wish to take off their guard."

"But how can you investigate the truth without speaking of this clue?"

"I shall get Doctor Clark to seek out one of those thorough-bred sleuth-hounds of the police called detectives. To such an one, under the strictest injunctions to secrecy, I shall give the clue, that he may use his utmost skill and experience in following it up. You look at me in surprise and wonder. Well, I know that you are faithful, and devoted to Mr. Cassinove, yet, as a secret is no longer a secret when shared by two, I must require you to give me your word of honor never to mention the circumstance before I confide it to your keeping," said Miss Elmer.

"I give you my word of honor that I will never divulge the secret with which you entrust me; yet, Miss Elmer, if you have any doubt upon the subject, do not tell me."

"I have none at all. Forgive me if my anxiety upon Mr. Cassinove's account has made me over cautious; and now listen." And Laura Elmer related to Mrs. Russel the events at Lester House connected with the mysterious inmate, Helen Ravenscroft, and the stranger who dogged her carriage in the park, dwelling especially upon the extreme agitation and the inexplicable words of Sir Vincent, when he heard the circumstances from her own lips, and the subsequent midnight interview between Sir Vincent and the stranger, whom she had accidentally discovered through the open library door, while going down to the drawing-room to recover a forgotten book with which she wished to read herself to sleep upon the night in question.

"Now," concluded Miss Elmer, "I have nothing but my own instincts to guide me in my judgment, that this unknown man is the murderer of Sir Vincent. I shall therefore instruct Mr. Cassinove's counsel to subpœna this Helen Ravenscroft as a witness for the defence, and have her examined if she can be found. She has disappeared from the house for the last few weeks."

Laura Elmer spoke with an earnestness and an absorption in her subject that rendered her unobservant to its effects upon Mrs. Russel. Now, however, she looked up to see the eyes of the poor woman wide open with astonishment, and her cheeks white with fear. Laura Elmer noted these signs of emotion, and proceeded—

"Now, Mrs. Russel, this man must be found, his peculiar relations with the family of Sir Vincent Lester must be explained; and by these means I have strong hopes that the truth may be discovered, and Mr. Cassinove's innocence made manifest."

The landlady replied not one word, but her eyes seemed to grow larger and larger in amazement.

"Mrs. Russel, you can materially aid us in the discovery of this strange man," said Laura Elmer, fixing her eyes upon the face of the other.

"Me! me! how ever could I help you?" exclaimed the landlady, in consternation, clasping and wringing her pale fingers.

"I will explain. Upon the very first meeting of Mrs. Ravenscroft and this unknown, your children, who were near at hand, recognized the man, and called your own attention to him. You can tell us who he is."

"Oh, my Lord! my Lord! how sorrows and difficulties thicken around me!" exclaimed the poor woman, wildly.

"This man was recognized by your children as the one who robbed your shop, and whom you so strangely refused to prosecute. Mrs. Russel, I adjure you to tell me—who was this man?" inquired Laura Elmer, firmly.

"Oh, my Lord! my Lord! to what straits am I reduced!" cried the woman, distractedly.

"Who was this man?"

"Oh, do not make me tell you! do not! it cannot serve you or Mr. Cassinove to know!"

All the strong will of Laura Elmer was aroused. She arose from her seat, and standing before the distressed woman, took both her wrists, and held them firmly, and gazing with magetic power into her eyes, into her soul, said—

"Mrs. Russel, I will not appeal to your friendship, or gratitude, or compassion for your benefactor suffering horribly under the dreadful imputation of murder, and in imminent peril of dying a shameful death——"

"Oh, no! don't! don't! don't!" cried the woman.

"But to your sense of justice," continued Laura, gazing with a controlling power into the eyes of the shrinking woman. "Mrs. Russel, justice is the most sacred thing on earth—it is above friendship, gratitude, compassion, family interest, family ties, everything under heaven! In the sacred name of justice, I adjure you, tell me who is this man?"

"Oh, it would avail you little to know! He is one with whom I was intimate long ago. I had not seen him for years when I saw him for an instant that day in the park. I have not seen him since. I do not know where he is. I have not even the least knowledge whether he is in or out of England. I know no more of him, so help me Heaven."

"Mrs. Russel," continued Laura, without for an instant withdrawing her controlling gaze, "you are believed to be a widow—are you such?"

"In fate; but not in fact!"

"This man, then, was your husband?"

"Yes, yes!"

"He left you?"

"He was *obliged* to do it."

"He was a fugitive from justice?"

"Yes, yes! Oh, it is very cruel to say so!"

"No, it is only just. His name, then, is Russel?"

"Oh, no!"

"What! Then you do not go by his name?"

"No, no! I would not, after—after he fled!"

"Why not?"

"It would have ruined me! I took my maiden name, and moved into another neighborhood where I was not known. I dressed in widow's weeds because it seemed more quiet and respectable for a lone young mother struggling through the world! God forgive me, I did not mean to act a falsehood!"

"What was the nature of this crime which was so heinous as to compel the innocent wife of the criminal to change her name and place of residence to escape reflected ruin?"

"Oh, do not ask me! Do not! do not!" cried poor Mrs. Russel, while shudders of horror convulsed her fragile form.

"It could have been no ordinary crime! The unfortunate wives of homicides are not obliged to change their names and neighborhoods. Well, I will not insist upon the nature of the man's offence against society. But in the name and for the sake of stern justice, I *must* have his real name!"

"Oh! to tell you that will be to tell you all!" cried the poor woman, in an agony of distress.

"I adjure you, Mrs. Russel, in the sacred cause of justice, tell me the name of that man!"

"Oh! oh! stoop, then! Stoop close! I cannot bear to speak it aloud—looking in your face, with your eyes upon me!"

Laura Elmer stooped her ear close to the woman's lips, saying—

"Courage! It is but a word!"

Mrs. Russel shivered through all her frame, as she whispered—

"It was——"

The last word, the fatal name, was audible only to Laura Elmer, who suddenly dropped the hands of the woman, and, appalled by horror, sank into the nearest seat.

And no word was spoken between them for some minutes. At last—

"Heaven have mercy on you, most miserable of women!" said Miss Elmer.

And, rising, she went and took and pressed her hands, saying—

"Forgive me if I have deeply probed your sorely wounded heart, and believe me I will deal as tenderly by your feelings as I can in justice to another."

"I know it, Miss Elmer! I know it! You are perfectly right. Do not consider me in the slightest degree. Go on and 'let justice be done, though the heavens fall.'"

And longer the friends talked; but the dreaded name was not again mentioned between them. The two children who had been sent out into the garden to play now came in, and the confidential conversation was interrupted.

Mrs. Russel showed her lodger up into her private apartments where fires had been lighted, and her luggage conveyed, and bade her good night at the bed-room door.

Laura entered the neat and quiet chamber, where the snow-white curtains of the windows and the bed, and the clean hearth and bright fire, diffused an air of purity and cheerfulness through the scene.

She could not sleep; but drawing an easy-chair beside the little table before the fire, she fell into deep and severe thought upon the subject of the probable assassin of the baronet.

Painfully and intensely as she thought, she was still, as it were, externally conscious of the sounds without. She heard Ruth Russel and her children moving about; she heard the murmuring of their evening prayers at their mother's knee; she heard that poor mother take them into the little chamber adjoining the back-parlor below; and the muffled shuffling with which the little ones got to bed; next she heard Mrs. Russel return to the back-parlor, and settle herself in her seat, probably to sew for hours,—for every sound was audible all over that small house. At last all was perfectly quiet, nothing breaking the silence except the hourly striking of the old-fashioned clock in the passage below. Laura sat intently thinking as the hours slowly passed. The clock struck twelve, and still she sat and thought; one, and still she never changed her attitude; two, and she had not even once looked up, or remembered that it was at that witching hour on the preceding night that the awful cry of murder had rang through Lester House, appalling the inmates, arousing the sleepers. She was still buried in thought between two and three o'clock, when she was startled by the sound of a step heard in the deep silence, coming up the walk from the little gate to the cottage door. Everything alarmed her now; she listened and heard a light, cautious tapping at the cottage door, and heard the landlady go to the door, and ask in a low, trembling voice:

"Who's there? What do you want."

"It is I, Ruth, and I want to come in," answered a low voice without.

"Oh, my Lord in Heaven, have pity on us! Oh! why do you come here?" inquired the poor woman, in a low, suffocating voice.

"Because I am dying to see you and the children, Ruth. Think what a long exile I have had from you both, my dear."

"Oh, where do you come from, and why do you come, knowing the danger?"

"I come from abroad, because I could not longer live away from you, Ruth. I have been but a few hours in London, and have only within the last hour discovered your residence."

"But the danger! the danger of returning!"

"Bah! my dear, I am forgotten; besides, the 'danger' is very much modified by an event that has occurred within the last twenty-four hours. But all this time you are keeping me out in the cold. Come, let me in, there's a duck."

"Oh, Heaven of Heavens, to what straits I am reduced!" again complained the poor woman.

"Come, come, Ruth, this is a very cold reception. Unbar the door, there's a darling."

Sobbing bitterly, Mrs. Russel unbarred the door, and admitted the nocturnal visitor.

Still sobbing bitterly she said something about a "lodger," and from that moment the conversation was carried on in so low a whisper, that, although Laura Elmer heard the murmuring, she could not distinguish the words. This low, muttering conversation went on all night—went on till day was dawning in the east, when Laura Elmer, worn out by two nights' watching, dropped asleep in her chair, and slept heavily for many hours.

When she awoke it was broad day; the sun was high in the heavens. She opened her eyes and looked around in astonishment at finding herself in a strange place, and it was some seconds before she could remember how she came there. Then full consciousness of her misfortunes returned: the murder of Sir Vincent Lester; the imprisonment of Ferdinand Cassinove; her own change of residence; the discovery in regard to Mrs. Russel's husband; and, lastly, the strange nocturnal visit, all recurred clearly to her memory.

Her resolution was soon taken. She arose and bathed her feverish face and arranged her disordered hair and then rang her bell.

Mrs. Russel, pale and haggard, as with fatigue and care, entered the room, saying:

"I hope you rested well, Miss Elmer."

"No; I have not been in bed all night. I have something to say to you this morning, Mrs. Russel; but first sit down; you look, indeed, quite unable to stand."

Mrs. Russel dropped into the nearest seat.

Miss Elmer resumed her easy chair, saying:

"I am exceedingly sorry for you, Mrs. Russel, but that does not alter the course of my duty. I must tell you that I heard the arrival of your visitor last night, and overheard much of your conversation, by which I was enabled to identify the individual. This morning I must lay before the police all the particulars with which I have become acquainted, as well as my own private suspicions. As I cannot consistently continue in your house while engaged in this ungracious work, I must leave you to-day. But you will permit me to pay you for the whole term for which my lodgings were engaged; and I wish you, besides, to rest assured of my esteem and friendship, and willing services in everything in which I can aid you without injuring the cause of justice."

"Miss Elmer, I cannot complain, cruelly as I suffer in this affair; I know that you are perfectly right in all that you do. But poor as I am, I cannot and will not receive payment for the lodgings that you have occupied only a day, and that you leave this morning, not from caprice, but from a sort of necessity," said Mrs. Russel, weeping piteously.

"I am glad you perceive I can do no otherwise than I am about to do. But for your children's sake, I wish you would permit me to pay for the whole term for which I took the lodgings; it is usual to do so when one leaves before the term is up."

"Yes; but not when they have been occupied but for a day, and are left from necessity; so let us say no more about it, Miss Elmer."

Laura perceived that to press this point would only wound the sensitive self-respect of the poor woman, and desisted.

"You forbear making any inquiries about my visitor of last night, Miss Elmer; yet this piece of information I will volunteer. He is off again, and I know not where he has gone, or when he will come back, or if he ever will return," said Mrs. Russel.

"And after the manner of such villains, he has taken away all your funds with him?" said Laura, indignantly.

Mrs. Russel evidently could not deny this fact.

"Then I will tell you when he will return—as soon as that money is exhausted. Mrs. Russel, I should think you would be glad of any law that would free you entirely from such a beast of prey."

"Ah! but my children."

"Even for *their* sake it were well that such a moral leper were swept from the face of the earth, lest the very relationship should contaminate them. Were I in your place, I should deliver that monster up to justice with less compunction than ever I killed a venomous serpent. I should do it to save my children from the fatal infection of his presence and example. I should consider my mother-duty the most sacred on earth. Oh! it is a lamentable weakness in any woman to shield a worthless and depraved man, at the risk of perpetuating an evil example to her innocent children. And, Mrs. Russel, I think that I shall be doing you and them a good service in bringing this incorrigible villain to justice," said this severe young Nemesis, who was beginning to lose patience at the maudlin weakness of the flesh betrayed by poor Ruth Russel.

"Ah! but you don't know. You haven't been tried in such a way. Besides, if ever you were to talk with him you would not think so ill of him," said the meek little woman.

"I am very sorry for you. I do not willingly wound you, only I would be glad to see you with a clearer moral vision, and a greater moral strength," replied Laura, gently.

"I do not complain. And now, Miss Elmer, you will at least breakfast before you go."

"Yes; thank you."

"And when shall I order a cab?"

"Immediately after breakfast, if you please, Mrs. Russel."

The landlady left the room to fulfill these directions, and immediately after breakfast Miss Elmer went out in a cab to procure new lodgings. Her circumstances did not permit her to be fastidious. She secured the most respectable lodgings to be found nearest to Newgate, and into them she removed in the course of the same forenoon.

She sent her new address to Dr. Clark, with a request that he would call upon her at his earliest convenience.

And the good doctor, astonished at the change of quarters, for which he could not account, called on her in the afternoon.

He found Miss Elmer busily writing at the centre table of her gloomy new parlor. She arose to meet him, saying—

"This is very, very kind, Doctor Clark. You find me making minutes of a chain of evidence, or rather of probabilities which I wish to submit to you. I feel convinced that I have got the clue to the real murderer of Sir Vincent."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the doctor, in amazement, "let me hear!"

Miss Elmer commenced and related all the circumstances of her fragmentary acquaintance with Sir Vincent Lester's *protégée*, Helen Ravenscroft; the mysterious stranger that waylaid and followed her carriage; the midnight interview, and angry words that passed between this stranger and the baronet upon the occasion when she accidentally discovered them together; and finally, the conversation that had recently passed between herself and poor Ruth Russel, in which she was enabled to put certain disjointed incidents together and identify the mysterious "light-haired man" with a certain notorious criminal who had fled from justice years before.

"Now deep in my heart is the conviction that this man and no other was the assassin of this unfortunate baronet," concluded Laura.

"Good Heaven! and yet you do not know the circumstance that makes that the most probable thing in the world?" exclaimed the doctor.

Laura looked up full of interest.

"That criminal fled from trial, and Sir Vincent Lester was the principal witness against him; indeed, without the testimony of Sir Vincent Lester I doubt if it would have been possible to convict him," said the doctor.

"And there is the motive established at once for the assassination!" exclaimed Laura, with increasing excitement.

"Yes, the very strongest motive that can possibly actuate human nature—that of self-preservation."

"Oh, then, let us go at once to some magistrate and lodge this information, procure a warrant for the arrest of this man, and, if possible, an order for the liberation of Mr. Cassinove."

The doctor smiled compassionately, saying—

"Ladies know but little of the formulas of law, my dear Miss Elmer, else you would be aware that though we may procure a warrant for the arrest of this man, we cannot possibly procure the liberation of young Cassinove. Having been duly committed to prison to answer the charge of murder, he must remain a prisoner until his trial shall have ended in his acquittal or——"

The doctor left the other words unspoken.

"Oh! but that is very hard!" said Laura.

"It is; and I must remind you of another set of circumstances—namely, that the evidence against Ferdinand Cassinove, whom we believe to be innocent, is much stronger than that against the man whom we believe to be the assassin of Sir Vincent. Indeed, I doubt whether you have any evidence to give that would justify any magistrate in issuing a warrant for arresting the man upon the charge of having murdered Sir Vincent Lester. If a warrant should be issued for his arrest at all, it will probably be upon the old charge. But we can soon satisfy ourselves. We will repair at once to a magistrate and lodge the information we possess. I will wait while you put on your bonnet."

Laura Elmer did not keep the good doctor waiting five minutes, but went into her adjoining chamber, and in a few seconds returned, shawled, bonnetted, and gloved for the expedition. The doctor handed her into his carriage, and they set out for Bow street.

Arrived there, they had to wait some time before the magistrate was at leisure to attend to them; and when at length he was disengaged, the doctor requested that the office might be cleared, as the information he had to give had best be given in private. The character and position of Doctor Clark insured a prompt attention to his request. When the office was cleared of all except the magistrate, his clerk, the doctor, and Miss Elmer, the latter advanced, and being sworn, made her statement. Now everything, even remotely connected with the tragedy of Lester House, was of the utmost interest to the authorities. Miss Elmer's statement received a candid and attentive hearing, and the magistrate thought the information of sufficient importance to justify him in issuing a warrant for the apprehension of the accused.

Miss Elmer and Dr. Clark had the satisfaction of seeing this warrant placed in the hands of an experienced officer before leaving the magistrate's office.

From Bow street they repaired to Newgate to comfort the prisoner there with the intelligence of the clue they had obtained to the real assassin.

Meantime, the officer with the warrant sought the accused first of all at the cottage of his wife in Chelsea; but Ruth Russel, and her children had flitted with all their luggage, nor could any one tell whither they had gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

GOD HELP THE POOR.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"What a terrible night!" exclaimed Mrs. Creighton, as she drew aside the heavy damask curtains, and looked out.

The snow had been falling for several hours, and the air was yet filled by myriads of flakes, that whirled in wild eddies through the narrow streets, or came in rattling gusts against the windows. Great drifts were piling up steadily against doorways, and on the lee of corner houses, and in all places where some barrier turned the strong wind aside in its onward march. From a high, piping treble, down to the lowest muttering base, the tempest voice ran up and down the scale; now in tones and half tones; now in chords; and now in shuddering dissonance.

Mr. Creighton came and stood by the side of his wife, at the window of their luxurious home, and looked out upon the stormy night

"I pity those who are compelled to go abroad," he said.

"And those who have no homes," added his wife.

"And the poor, who have no fire in their dwellings."

"No fire; and on such a night as this!" Mrs. Creighton turned and looked into her husband's face, with an expression of doubt, fear and pity. "Surely, none are in this extremity!"

"Hundreds, I fear, even in our Christian city," replied her husband, as he moved from the window, and sat down in front of the grate. "Hundreds," he added in a thoughtful, concerned way. "With everything around us so warm, comfortable, and luxurious, it is difficult to realize the fact, that many, very many, are now cold and hungry. Poor, sick women, and tender children, crouching in fireless rooms, or by hearths on which the last red embers are dying."

"Don't husband, don't!" exclaimed Mrs. Creighton, lifting her hands and turning her face away. "I shudder at the bare imagination of such things."

"If we shudder at the imagination of such things, what must it be to suffer the reality," said Mr. Creighton, not even making an effort to push the subject from his thoughts.

"God help the poor!" ejaculated his wife, in a tone of pity.

"Yes, God help them!" was the low, earnest response.

There followed a silence of some moments, when Mr. Creighton said:

"When did you see Mrs. Bayle?"

"Not since last week."

"How was she, then?"

"She looked pale and weak. I gave her some tea and a loaf of fresh bread."

"And you haven't seen her since?"

"No."

"When was it we sent her that half ton of coal?"

"I can't remember. But, now I think of it, Hannah told me, day before yesterday, that Mrs. Bayle came round, when I was out, and asked for a bucket of coal."

"Did she get it?"

"Yes. Hannah gave it to her."

"That was two days ago?"

"Yes."

Mr. Creighton sighed, and sat looking into the grate for nearly a minute, without speaking.

"I feel troubled about that woman and her little children," he said, at last. "Just think, if they should be without food or fire, on a night like this."

"Oh, that can't be!" answered his wife.

"It is possible, Allie. Such things have been. Women and children have perished with cold, even in our city."

"Don't talk about it. You give me the heart-ache."

Mr. Creighton arose, and commenced walking the floor in a disturbed manner.

"I declare, Edward," said his wife, "you have destroyed all our home comfort for the evening by these dreadful images your fancy has created. Let us be thankful for the good we have, and show our thankfulness in its enjoyment."

Mr. Creighton did not answer, but kept on his movement, back and forward, across the room. He was thinking of poor Mrs. Bayle.

"We must finish 'A Tale of Two Cities' to-night," said his wife, taking up a volume. "Sit down, Edward, and I will read. We are at the storming of the Bastile."

But Mr. Creighton did not pause in his restless walk. The reading began, and was continued for ten or fifteen minutes.

"What a wild, fearful picture!" said Mrs. Creighton, letting the volume fall into her lap. "Such word-painting power is wonderful."

She looked up at her husband, and saw, at a glance, that he had not been listening.

"I don't believe," she said, in a slightly annoyed tone, "that you've heard a single page that I have been reading."

"To tell the truth, Allie, I don't think I have," was frankly answered.

"Not very complimentary to me or the author."

"On the contrary, Allie, I acknowledge my interest in both. But just now I can think of nothing else but Mrs. Bayle and her children."

"We cannot help them to-night, Edward. The storm is too wild for any one to go abroad. Leave them in the hands of God. He will take care of them."

"How will he take care of them?"

Mr. Creighton stood still, and looked, steadily, into his wife's face. Her eyes fell beneath his glance of earnest interrogation.

"How will God take care of them, Allie, if they are without fuel and food to-night?"

She did not answer, and he added—

"Not by sending coal and bread through supernatural agencies, but by putting it into the heart of some human being to go to their succor. When you said, 'God help the poor!' the thought of Mrs. Bayle and her children came instantly into my mind, and I cannot put it away. I must see to them this night."

"Oh, no, no, Edward! You cannot go out in such a dreadful storm."

As if to give force to her words, the tempest shrieked wildly, and the fast-falling snow drove its fine crystals rattling against the windows. Mr. Creighton pushed aside the curtain and looked out. The whirling flakes filled the air like a cloud. He could hardly see across the street.

"You mustn't think of going out, Edward," said his wife, as she came to his side, and drew her arms around him.

"Alice, you said, just now, 'God help the poor!' and spoke from genuine pity. He cannot help them, except by human hands. I feel, so strongly, that my hands are needed for help to-night, that I could not hold back were the storm twice as violent. I have warm garments to protect me from the cold. I have health, strength, and a stout heart in humanity's cause, I trust. Allie, I must go. No sleep could weigh down my eye-lids to-night, if I remained in uncertainty about this poor woman and her children."

And resolutely putting aside all remonstrances, Mr. Creighton prepared himself to go out On passing into the street, the gust swept fiercely into his face, taking his breath for a moment, and staggering him back several paces. But, recovering himself, he leaned a little forward, bracing to the wind, and plunged away through snow-drifts that half buried him at times The small tenement in which Mrs. Bayle lived stood several squares distant, in a narrow court. Thither he made his way, as rapidly as he could move through all the manifold obstructions that retarded his progress He found the court almost blocked up with snow, which the wind had swept from the roofs above, and piled up in the narrow space between the houses. On gaining the one in which Mrs. Bayle lived, he saw no lights in the windows, though the shutters were open. He put his hand on the door, and pushed it open. All was silent within He spoke, but no voice answered, and there came no sound to his ears. Then going out quickly, he shut the door, and crossing the court, knocked where a light gleamed out from a window.

"Who's there?" It was a woman's voice that called.

He knocked again.

"Come in," said the same voice.

Mr. Creighton pushed open the door, and entered a small room, in which a woman sat sewing. She was alone.

"Excuse my intrusion," he said, noticing that his appearance surprised and startled her. "But I want to ask about a Mrs. Bayle who lives in this court. Have you seen her to-day?"

"No, sir; I don't think I've seen her around to-day," answered the woman.

"She lives nearly opposite?"

"Yes, sir."

"It's all dark there," said Mr. Creighton "I opened the door and spoke, but no one answered."

"I hope she isn't sick or dead," remarked the woman, with some concern of manner. "I don't know what would become of her four little children."

"We must see after them," said Mr. Creighton, in a decided way. "Will you let me have a candle and some matches?"

"Yes, sir." And the woman laid down her work.

"And go over with me?"

"Yes, sir." Then she went to the stairs, and called: "Jake, come down here! A gentleman's called to see about Mrs. Bayle, and I'm going over there with him."

The rough voice of a man answered to this summons, and some heavy feet were heard moving on the floor above. Before their owner made his appearance, however, Mr. Creighton and the woman were across the court.

On lighting a candle in the chilly room, which they had entered, they saw only a table, two old chairs, and the black, fireless stove on the hearth.

"Mrs. Bayle!" called the woman, going to the stairs that led to the single room above. But no answer came.

"We must go up," said Mr. Creighton. And they passed to the chamber.

"Save us!" exclaimed his companion, as she held up the wavering candle. "They're all here!"

As she spoke, the light fell upon a woman's white, deathly face. She was lying on a bed with such scanty covering that the chill air could scarcely have failed to reach her vitals. The forms, but not the faces, of three children were seen also.

"Mrs. Bayle!" This time the sound reached her dull senses, and she opened her eyes, that shone, glassy, in the light.

"Are you sick, Mrs. Bayle?"

"Yes," was the faint answer.

The children, half-awake from cold, now pushed up their heads from beneath the covering, and one of them said, anxiously:

"Aint we going to have any supper to-night, mamma?"

A great sob came up, at this, from the suddenly touched heart of Mr. Creighton.

"Yes, you shall have your supper to-night," answered the woman. "Lie still and keep warm for a little while."

"I can't keep warm," answered the child. "O dear! It's so cold"

Setting down the candle, the woman said—"I'll run over and get a comfortable, and Jake shall bring a bucket of coal and make a fire in the stove down stairs, that will soon warm the house." And she hurried away. In a few moments she was back again with thick covering for the bed, which she laid over the woman and her children, and as her briskly moving hands tucked in the warm comfortable all around, she said:

"Now lie still until we get a fire made, and your supper ready."

"God help the poor!" said Mr. Creighton, with tear-filled eyes, as he went down stairs. The woman heard him, for in his emotion he had spoken aloud, and she answered:

"A great many people say that, sir; and yet no help comes. It doesn't put bread into children's mouths. It doesn't feed the hungry and clothe the naked, sir."

"But God may inspire willingness in human hearts," replied Mr. Creigton, "as he has done to-night, and thus help them. And but for this willingness which he gives, no help would come. So, I say still, God help the poor!"

"He must have put it into your heart," said the woman; "for if you hadn't come these poor souls might have perished before daylight."

"Perhaps," answered Mr. Creighton, as he took out his purse. Then adding: "Here is money for Mrs. Bayle. Will you see that she has everything needed to night?"

"I will sir, as if she were my own sister," replied the woman with an earnestness of tone that left Mr. Creighton in no doubt.

"And so, God help the poor!" said he, as he passed out again into the stormy night, and took his way homeward.

"Oh, Edward," exclaimed Mrs. Creighton, as after more than half an hour of anxious suspense her husband came in with a quick step, bright eye and ruddy countenance. "I'm so glad you are home again! It has stormed harder than ever since you left. How did you find Mrs. Bayle?"

"Without food, fire, or light!" he answered. "I think death would have found her and her children, mayhap, if God had not sent me to their relief. It is God who really helps the poor, Allie. We are only the instruments in his hands. May we always be willing!"

"As you have been to-night," said Mrs. Creighton, with a new impression of her husband's character, in her heart. And she laid her hand in his, and looked lovingly into a face that was all alive with manly feeling.

* * *

THE STEPMOTHER;

OR,

WHO'S TO WIN.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "RICHARD HOFFMAN," "STANFIELD HALL,' "MINNIGREY," ETC. ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

The Conscience, that sole monarchy in man,
Owing allegiance to no earthly prince;
Made by the edict of creation free!
Made sacred; made above all human laws!
Holding of honor alone, of most divine
And indefeasible authority,
An individual sovereignty, that none
Created might, unpunished, bind or touch.
POLLOK.

Captain Gaston was seated in his chambers at the Albany, and, judging from the working of his countenance, in no very enviable state of mind. An open letter lay on the table before him; he had just read it, and the contents had shattered even his firm nerves. It was from Bella, his wronged, insulted wife, informing him of the menial position his cruelty had compelled her to accept in the family of Sir Barnard, and upbraiding him with the imposture he had so long and successfully practiced on her credulity and inexperience.

"Were I even weak enough," she added, in a postscript, "to consent to my own dishonor by abandoning my claims, no inducement, no offer you could hold out, would induce me to barter those of your son and heir I give you ten days to reflect. If, at the expiration of that time, I neither see nor hear from you, I shall make our marriage public, and let the laws of my country decide between us. I care not for myself; I neither ask nor wish to receive a shilling from you; scorn has replaced affection in my broken heart; and now it beats only for my boy."

"Ruin!" muttered the villain, after perusing it for the third time; "absolute ruin. Fool that I was to be caught like some heedless moth by her fatal beauty, candor, and well-feigned gentleness. Gentleness!" he repeated bitterly, at the same time crushing the letter in his hand; "gentleness! The tigress could not defend her young more fiercely! Ruin, disgrace and shame! Ten days! I must reflect! Only ten days! and Gilbert, too, away! It will be easier to break her spirit than bend it."

The speaker thrust his delicate white hands into the light curling locks that clustered round his handsome but now scowling features, and fixing his elbows upon the table, fell into a profound and not over-pleasing reverie.

Although only in his twenty-second year, Egbert Gaston had run a long career of vice and dissipation. We do not believe that he was naturally vicious; men are rarely born monsters but become what education, example, and, above all, home influences, make them. In all these respects he had been most unfortunate. The weak indulgence of Lady Alicia had rendered him intensely selfish. Like all who in youth have never learnt the lesson of self-control, his passions were his master; in the gratification of them, he cared not what misery he inflicted, what hearts he broke—honor was a mere byword, religion a jest.

Hence the false and artful scheme he had planned and carried out, of introducing himself to Bella Harding, and marrying her under the name of his cousin Edward, who was diligently pursuing his studies at Oxford.

In person the captain resembled his sister Laura. He had the same sparkling, deep-blue eyes, and allowing for the difference of complexion, the same delicacy of feature. When we add that to these advantages he possessed a fine figure and great superficial elegance of manner—we designate it as superficial, because it flowed not from the mind—our readers will scarcely wonder that Bella Harding, the orphan daughter of a poor country curate, had been fascinated by his specious arts and well-feigned passion.

It is experience only which enables us to distinguish tinsel from pure gold.

"Never was fowler so caught in his own snare," muttered Egbert. "Everything has gone wrong in the affair. The first time I beheld her, Gilbert, like an idiot, blundered out my name, so there was no deceiving her upon that point, and now she has discovered that it is the son and heir of Sir Barnard Gaston, and not his needy, dependent nephew, who made her a wife. I thought, by assuming Edward's name, to render the ceremony null, married Lydia Penguilly in the conviction than it was so, and, when too late, found myself deceived, guilty of—but I dare not think of that.

"Strange," he continued, in the same rambling strain, "that the children should have been born so near each other, and on the same night, too—the girl at Moultree, the boy in the poor-house. There are bones in the old vault in Wicksal church that must have rattled with indignation in their coffins at the insult of an heir to their name, being born in the workhouse. That, at least," he added, "was not my fault. I would have prevented that."

"There was a tap at the door, and a groom, a very different-looking personage from the sharp, terrier-like, dashing tigers of the present day, made his appearance.

"Well?" exclaimed his master, impatiently.

"Mr. Harding has but just returned to town, sir," answered the man, "and will wait upon you the instant he has changed his travelling dress."

"Remember I am at home to him only," observed the captain, as his messenger quitted the room.

"Has Gilbert succeeded in obtaining from her the proofs of this infernal marriage?" he continued; "if not, I may as well levant at once. The Penguillies will be furious when they discover that Lydia is not my wife; the whole country will cry shame upon me. My father—but I must not think of him. How the world, the hollow world, that caressed, flattered and plundered me, will smile when it hears the story of my disgrace! Can nothing be done," he added, springing from his chair, and wildly pacing the room, "be done to avert this blow?—nothing?—nothing?"

As if in answer to his frantic exclamations, a knock was now heard at the outer door of the chambers. Egbert Gaston recognized it, and by a violent effort, forced himself to appear calm.

"It is Harding!" he exclaimed. "I can still rely upon him; he is but a puppet in my hands, and must move which way I pull the strings. How the knave writhes and frets beneath my power! I can use, and hang him when I have no further occasion for his services."

These last words were uttered in a tone which indicated how deliberately the speaker weighed their import.

"Hang him!" The key to Gilbert's persecution of his cousin was revealed at last.

The unhappy man appeared before his relentless taskmaster with an humbled, subdued, and almost abject air; his very soul seemed crushed beneath the weight of the yoke it bore.

"Have you succeeded?" demanded Egbert, imperiously.

"I have used every means—followed her like her shadow."

"Enough!" exclaimed the captain, impatiently "I am answered."

"Believe me, the fault has not been mine."

"I thought I said enough," interrupted his hearer, imperiously. "Relate what passed, and briefly. I know the value of excuses."

The pale countenance of his agent flushed for an instant. There was a sudden lighting of the eye and a quivering round the muscles of the mouth which marked the struggle he endured. His tyrant noticed it, and laughed disdainfully. The expression was but momentary; it quickly passed away, and Gilbert Harding appeared calm, pale, and passionlesss as before.

As briefly as possible he described how he had traced Bella in her flight from her native village, their encounter at the Traveller's Rest, and the disappointment of his attempt to obtain possession of the proofs of her marriage, through the agency of Humphry Skillet.

"Why did you not renew it?" demanded Egbert Gaston.

"It would have been useless. The little sachet she wore round her neck is in the possession of Dr. Trevanion—a man I could neither bribe nor intimidate."

"There at least you have not lied!" coarsely observed the captain. "I know the fellow well," he added, bitterly.

At the word "lied," Gilbert Harding raised his eyes and regarded the speaker earnestly.

"What is the fellow staring at?" demanded the speaker. "Is there anything extraordinary in my supposing that you are capable of lying? Answer me. No shuffling with the question!"

"There is nothing extraordinary."

"You have lied before?"

"Since I knew you!"

"*And forged?*"

"Is it generous—is it manly, Captain Caston," exclaimed his victim, writhing beneath the bitter humiliation, "to goad and taunt me thus? Till I encountered you, I was an honorable man. Recall to mind the arts, the railleries, the persuasions you had to employ before you seduced me to the gaming table! Who was it won from me the little money I could command? Who was it advised me, under the plea of recovering my losses, to tempt my fate again?"

"But never advised you to forge the acceptance of your guardian!" replied his treacherous friend. "When I discovered it, I took up the bill and saved you. Is this the gratitude I am to expect for my *friendship?*"

Gilbert Harding repeated the word, bitterly.

"Yes, friendship, sir, although the world might justly call it weakness!"

"Your own name was attached to it," observed his victim. "Had I not, in the agony of remorse and shame, written that fatal letter which exonerates you, I might have defied you now."

"You are my slave!" said the captain, ironically; "a creature I can use to the vilest purposes, and find no more fitting instrument—discard—call back—and, when I have no further occasion for your services, send to a felon's doom!"

"I am all that you have named," said his visitor, calmly, "and yet I do not envy you. Had our positions been reversed, I should have acted otherwise to the man who saved my life."

"Pshaw! the old story—a good water-dog would have rendered me the same service!"

"True," answered Gilbert, "and met the same reward."

The circumstance to which the speakers alluded occurred at Brighton, at the time we are writing of, the favorite residence of a prince whom flatterers designated the most finished gentleman in Europe.

Posterity has given him a very different title.

"Perhaps I have been too hard upon you!" exclaimed Egbert Gaston; "but this infernal marriage has ruined me!"

"I warned you against it!"

"That's true enough!'

"Have done all in my power to——"

"Yes, yes! I believe you have," interrupted his task-master. "I must now take the affair into my own hands. I shall start for Cornwall this very night."

"Am I to accompany you?"

"No."

The reply was decidedly but not churlishly given; the speaker possibly felt a slight touch of shame at the heartless treatment he had bestowed upon the man who not only saved him from a watery grave, but had served him too well.

"By-the-by, Ned," he added, with affected indifference, "did you hear my name mentioned in the neighborhood of Moultree?"

"Not once."

A smile of satisfaction passed over the features of the captain at finding his second marriage unsuspected by his agent.

This may appear strange, perhaps, to our readers, accustomed as they are to the publicity of the present day, when steam, iron roads, and the electric wire have brought not only the different countries of Europe, but the Old and New World in contact; when the daily press records not merely the important events which transpire, but the gossip of every city in the kingdom. We can only assure them that it was a very different thing in 1814. Cornwall, as far as intelligence from it was concerned, was more widely separated from London than St. Petersburg or Istamboul at the present day.

"Should I require your assistance," said Egbert Gaston, "I will send for you. Let us part friends," he added, as his visitor, taking the hint, rose to depart.

Gilbert Harding repeated the word.

"At least, without hostile feelings," continued the former. "You make no allowance for the position I am placed in, the irritation I endure. Were my father acquainted with my imprudent marriage, it would madden him."

"The title must be yours."

"The title! Oh, yes!"

"And the estates are entailed?"

"Strictly."

"You can have nothing to fear, then."

"You do not know Sir Barnard," observed the captain. "Beneath an exterior calm and impassable as your own, is veiled an iron will, not to be turned from the course he has once decided upon taking. But enough of this; I shall see Bella, probably she will listen to reason."

His cousin shook his head incredulously.

"I must brave his anger, then," muttered the speaker, gloomily. "England, thank heaven, is not the only land in which a fellow can live pleasantly, and I have few prejudices."

"Or principles," mentally ejaculated his hearer, as he quitted the Albany, and directed his way towards his own chambers in the Temple.

Gilbert and Bella Harding, as our readers already are aware, were the orphan children of two brothers, who had pursued widely different paths through life; circumstances had separated them without estranging the natural affection they felt towards each other. Charles, the elder, had applied himself to the law, and, by dint of intense application, strict probity and economy, accumulated a moderate fortune, which he bequeathed to his only son, but so strictly tied, that he could only touch the interest till he reached the age of thirty-five.

It was upon the banker who held the principal in trust he had been induced, in a moment of madness, to forge.

There was more than one redeeming trait in his character. On the death of his uncle, the curate, he provided his cousin with the means of establishing a little school in her native village, where he frequently visited, and encouraged her with his advice and assistance.

It was on one of these excursions that Egbert Gaston accompanied him—the rest is easily understood. Gilbert was in his power, and pitilessly compelled by the heartless captain to assist him in his plans for deceiving her—plans which the virtue of Bella defeated.

The result was, a private although perfectly legal marriage, the substitution of the name of Edward for Egbert in no way affecting its validity.

On reaching his solitary abode in the Temple, Gilbert Harding threw himself into a chair with the air of a man fatigued in mind more than in body. It is true he had undergone great physical exertion, but that he could have endured; it was the strain upon the brain, the moral torture, the bitter humiliation he suffered, and the impossibility of resenting it, that tortured him, wrung his heart with agony, goaded his proud spirit almost into madness.

"A reptile I could crush," he exclaimed, clasping his hands upon his burning brow, "could we but meet on equal terms. It is not Egbert that I fear, but the dark shadow that stalks behind him; a word from his lips can give the unreal phantom sinew, bone, muscle, vitality. It haunts me in my sleep, confronts me in my waking hours. God!" he added, "will these terrors never pass from my soul; am I indeed destined for the hangman's grasp, to feel his clutch upon my throat, to pay the forfeit of my life upon the scaffold?

"Were I but sure he meant me false," he continued, after long and bitter reflection, "my tyrant should precede me to the grave; it would not be a murder, but a sacrifice due to offended justice, to outraged innocence and virtue. Poor Bella! how she must scorn and loathe me—wonder at the hardness of the heart that bleeds with pity at her wrongs.

"I cannot comprehend this man; there is a mystery in his conduct yet to be unravelled. Is it possible a silken, shallow idler, a mere bacchanal of love and passion, can weave his nets so cunningly that Gilbert Harding cannot find a mesh, a loophole to escape through? Let me reflect. I have been fooled! fooled by my own terrors!

"He heard without surprise the birth of his son, the helpless mother finding refuge in the poorhouse, and spoke of *seeing* Bella. He must have received intelligence through some other channel. *Seeing her*," he repeated; "there is danger in their meeting. I will witness it, and ——Pshaw! he has not the courage to be so great a villain."

These and similar reflections succeeded each other rapidly in the excited brain of the speaker, whom one false step had ensnared into a hundred others, so true it is that sin engenders sin. One plunge into the sea of crime, and its waters rise in circles round us, each wider than the first. The swimmer must be strong or fortunate to reach the shore again.

Whatever other faults Gilbert Harding might possess, irresolution was not of the number; action followed decision, and, after a few hours' repose, he once more started for Wicksal.

Fortunately, Captain Gaston was not equally master of his time and movements: before quitting London he had to obtain leave of absence from his colonel. This occasioned a delay, which gave the cousin of Bella twelve hours' start. Had they met in Gilbert's present humor, the result might have been fatal.

Each travelled alone, for each had a purpose to accomplish.

But for the precarious state of his daughter-in-law's health, Sir Barnard had long since carried into execution a plan he had formed of removing Maude from Moultree Park. To leave the suffering invalid to the care of servants was a stretch of heartlessness which even he found himself incapable of. It would attract too much attention, cause the neighborhood to talk, and the baronet was keenly sensitive of public opinion.

This delay occasioned no compunctious visitings of conscience; neither his anger nor his purpose cooled. Lady Alicia took care of that; on the contrary, they gathered strength from being nursed in silence.

The place selected for the seclusion of the offender was an old-fashioned country-house, the residence of Miss Mendal, a maiden lady distantly connected with his family. It was a quaint, retired place, half mansion, half farm-house, such as may still occasionally be met with in out-of-the-way nooks and remote villages.

If the possessor had inherited but little of the blood of the Gastons, she had more than a legitimate share of their pride, but, scantily endowed by fortune, life was a continual struggle with her to keep up appearances. She would maintain them, hold her position in the county, and vie with those who possessed many times her income.

Various and amusing were the tales circulated in her neighborhood of the meanness and sacrifices this artificial state of existence compelled her to be guilty of.

Still they were cheerfully made, and the rigid economy practised at The Grange (the name of her abode), enabled her to keep a carriage, and several half fed, grumbling, discontented servants.

As may be supposed, this continuous struggle between poverty and appearance did not tend to improve the temper of the lady. Had that been the only misfortune resulting from it, it might have been passed over; unfortunately, it had shaken her principles, and her wealthy relative well knew that he should find in her an agent whose apparent respectability would disarm suspicion, whose conscience would suggest no scruples in carrying out his projects.

Several letters had already passed between them upon the subject, so carefully worded, yet so perfectly understood, that, had they been produced in a court of justice, a clever counsel would have cited them as proofs of disinterestedness and high feeling on the part of both the writers.

Sir Barnard commenced the correspondence by affectionately reproaching his cousin for her long silence, and excused his own on the plea of domestic troubles; hinted obscurely at the state of his eldest daughter's mind, and the necessity of her temporary retirement from Moultree Park.

"But where to send her, whom to confide her to," he hypocritically added, "I know not."

Miss Mendal, in her reply, proved equally circumspect. After expressing her deep sympathy at his unexpected trial, she stated how willingly she would have invited Maude to make The Grange her temporary abode, had her circumstances permitted her.

"I should have to fit up two or three rooms for her reception," she continued, "the house being in such a dilapidated state. And with my present means——. But I need not allude to them—the subject is distasteful to me, and, as you are perfectly aware of their limited extent, unnecessary."

With similar tact the arrangements were carried on and concluded between them, it being agreed that Sir Barnard should pay his cousin eight hundred a year, quarterly and in advance, for the support of Maude.

Nothing was written about restraint. As long as the victim remained passive strong measures, probably, were not intended. But even that necessity was foreseen; and a man and his wife from a London mad-house engaged, ostensibly as servants at The Grange.

Everything had been concluded, and Sir Barnard Gaston only awaited the arrival of his son, whom he had written for, to enable himself and Lady Alicia to quit Moultree with their victim, and carry his cruel design into execution.

"Egbert will be here to-morrow," exclaimed her ladyship, after perusing the letter her husband handed to her at the breakfast table.

"It is time he made his appearance," observed the baronet, drily. "Lydia has reason to complain of his coldness."

"Like all young wives, she is somewhat too exacting," replied Lady Alicia. "Possibly the poor boy could not obtain leave of absence sooner."

"Never at a loss for an excuse for Egbert," said the gentleman, offended, probably, that his son had not written to him instead of his mother to announce his visit.

"He will not be the only visitor," he added.

"Edward will arrive from Oxford in the course of the day. He has distinguished himself at the university—proved himself worthy of the name he bears."

At the name of her cousin a slight blush tinged the face of Maude; it was but a momentary emotion. The poor girl had schooled her heart to meet him. It quickly passed away, but not before Laura noticed it.

"How delightful for some one!" she exclaimed, maliciously.

Her father was too much absorbed in his own reflections to hear her remark, and the shaft passed unheeded. Not so with Lady Alicia. She, too, had witnessed the momentary emotion, and her fears took alarm.

"Is it possible," she asked herself, "that the reserved, respectful Edward has been playing a double game, and tampered with the affections of the heiress?"

"It is a significant sign," she observed, "when a young lady blushes on hearing a name that ought to be indifferent to her."

"Blushes? sign?" repeated Sir Barnard, who had caught the words. "Of whom and to whom are you speaking?"

"Of Edward and Miss Gaston."

The baronet uttered an exclamation of surprise, and regarded Maude suspiciously. For reasons, which even his wife ignored, he would rather have seen his eldest daughter wedded to the poorest peasant upon his estates than united to Edward Gaston.

"You have acted with your usual kindness towards me, Lady Alicia," observed the heiress; "it is not the first time you have endeavored to blow discord between myself and my father!"

"Maude!" said Sir Barnard, angrily.

"I must speak," exclaimed the poor girl, yielding to her tears; "why should every word and look be misconstrued? What is Edward to me more than to her own child?"

"In some cases," replied Laura, coming to the rescue of her mother, "those who defend, excuse themselves. You know the proverb."

"Not in the present instance," answered her sister, firmly, "since no human consideration could induce me to listen to the love of my cousin."

"Not even Sir Barnard's commands?" suggested her ladyship, artfully.

"It will be time to reply to that question when they are given," observed Maude, recovering her self-possession.

"Your father may believe you or not, as he pleases; but I have my own opinion," said her stepmother.

"And I also," added Laura.

"Doubtless."

"Let this conversation cease," interrupted the baronet, impatiently; "I am weary of it. I for one believe in Maude's asseveration. Whatever else her faults, she at least is truthful. Besides, Edward would never dare aspire to her hand without my sanction. He is too respectful! too grateful! It would be his ruin."

He might have added, "too dependent" also.

The instant she could escape from the breakfast table, the persecuted girl retired to her chamber, to reflect in solitude upon the line of conduct necessary to be pursued towards her cousin. She could enter into no explanation with him—her promise to Bella Harding bound her.

"He shall not read the pang his deceit has caused me," she murmured to herself. "I will not give his false heart that triumph. I will meet him coldly, firmly; my impassability shall match his hypocrisy. Strange," she continued, "but I suppose it is my destiny. No one ever loved me except Albert; some natures are destined to pass through life alone.

"Alone!" repeated Maude, mournfully; "how much is comprised in that one little word; what a tale it tells of desolation! Alone! it is the seal rent from the bond of happiness, and falls upon the ear like an echo from the grave."

Bella Harding, unconscious of the misery she had caused by permitting the speaker to continue in her error respecting her marriage with Edward, was scarcely less agitated. She had been present when Laura entered the chamber of Mrs. Gaston, to inform her of the expected arrival of the captain.

A singular game of cross purposes, as our readers will perceive, was being played that day at Moultree Park.

CHAPTER X.

Either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully; which shall shake him more
Than if not looked on.
SHAKESPEARE.

It is comparatively an easy task to school the features, but not the heart, whose feelings too frequently rebel—oppose themselves to reason, and succeed in holding out the wayward citadel against her best-directed efforts.

In this moral warfare, scorn, a sense of unmerited wrong, or insulted honor, may prove useful allies in securing the victory, which, even when won, resembles the martyr's sacrifice more than the conqueror's triumph.

Christianity subdued the world by suffering. The heart is subject to the same law.

"Back, rebel tears!" murmured the unhappy Maude, as she quitted the mansion, to take her accustomed walk in the park, during which she felt certain of meeting her cousin; "will not my blushes dry again? How Laura and Lady Alicia would smile, were they to witness my weakness! Edward! Edward!" she added, in the same subdued tone, "it was poorly done to deceive the heart that knew no other stay!" For several minutes the agitated girl followed the path leading to the elm-tree point in silence; the treachery of her cousin appeared like a hideous dream to her, and she doubted its reality, till the recollection of the certificate of his marriage with Bella, painfully convinced her of its reality.

"Is human faith but a jest, then?" she continued, "a tie to be mocked at, violated, or kept, as caprice and passion dictate? I deemed it a holy thing—a bond sacred as the vow of baptism—inscribed on honor's register—broken but at the price of the soul's perjury!

"And I am rich, too; rich!" she added, bitterly. "How the world will envy me when it learns that I am the heiress of Penswick. Rich! and my heart is ashes."

As the speaker approached the usual place of rendezvous, Edward emerged from the opposite walk, and advanced eagerly towards her, his hand extended, his animated countenance beaming with all a lover's transport.

His cousin drew herself up—womanly pride sustained her; the wound still bled, but he was not permitted to mark its agony.

"Maude! dear Maude!" he exclaimed. "How I have counted upon this meeting! Forgive me, dearest, if I fancied that your reception of me last night was cold, constrained; true, it was in the presence of your father."

"How else should the daughter of Sir Barnard Gaston receive you?" demanded the young lady, indignant at his supposed duplicity.

"Maude!"

For several instants the speakers regarded each other in silence.

"Maude," repeated her lover, deeply pained, "can a few short months have so completely changed you?"

"No."

"Your heart, then, is still——"

"An instant sufficed," interrupted his cousin.

"The instant, I presume, is when you discovered that you were the heiress of Penswick." observed Edward Gaston, mournfully.

"You knew it, then?"

"From my old friend Trevanion. Mr. Beachum consulted him."

"And not before?" demanded the heiress, sarcastically. "Had no one whispered it?"

"No one."

"You were disinterested once then," observed his cousin, with a sigh.

"Maude," exclaimed the young man, greatly agitated, "madly, passionately, as I have loved you, I will not court my own contempt by descending to justify myself from such an ungenerous suspicion. Farewell! from this moment everything is at an end between us."

"Everything," repeated the young lady, firmly. "Henceforth we are strangers to each other—strangers alike in heart and mind. Before the world we may keep up hollow appearances, perhaps it will be better that we should do so; smile when we meet, and exchange friendly greetings. 'Tis strange," she added, bitterly, "how soon we learn to mask our feelings. The struggles of life are but a game of duplicity, in which the most skilful player passes for the happiest.

"Leave me, Edward; and, if you think it worth accepting, bear my forgiveness with you."

Her lover turned upon his heel and walked away, too indignant at what he deemed her mercenary pride, to ask for further explanation. Had he done so, forced her to speak more plainly, years of misunderstanding and misery might have been spared to both.

"The old story," he muttered to himself. "Gold! gold! the world's idol and its curse! No wonder that men bow down and worship thee, for, without thy stamp, wit, genius, learning—all that life's dreamers prize—are looked upon as dross. But that woman should descend to sacrifice truth and constancy at thy debasing shrine, my reason baffles my judgment.

"If I judged not too favorably of humanity," he added, with a sigh, "my faith in woman, at least, remained unshaken. This inexplicable change—this cynical avowal of her perfidy—

Passes my thought, and weakness still,
And jealousy, and wayward will;
I deemed one spark of feeling given,
Worthy alike their sex and heaven!

"I have lived long enough in a fool's paradise of dreams," he continued, as with uneven, broken strides he penetrated still farther into the thickest part of the wood. "'Tis well that I am awakened at last—awakened, while my heart has still energy sufficient to struggle against disappointment. Perhaps she despises me for living in abject dependence on my uncle, instead of battling with the world, and carving my own career! Ungenerous girl! the chain that held me was herself; but it is broken. I am free; the future is before me; the talents God has given me shall not rust; and she may yet regret the hour in which she heartlessly broke faith with Edward Gaston."

Animated by these resolves, the agitated lover directed his steps to the Hall, that he might have an explanation with Sir Barnard, and quit Moultree at once. Maude had already preceded him to the mansion, not to reason—to reason with herself, as the speaker had done—form strong resolves, and break them. The pride which sustained her during their interview had given way, and, woman-like, she could only weep in the solitude of her chamber.

"In a day or two, Edward," said the baronet, in reply to his nephew's request for a few minutes private conversation, "I have not forgotten you; but at present I am too much occupied with——"

"It must be to-day, uncle," interrupted the young man, respectfully; "in a few hours I return to Oxford."

"Without consulting me?" exclaimed his relative, greatly astonished, and somewhat offended at what he considered a want of fitting respect.

Edward remained silent.

"Well, sir," added the speaker, haughtily, "as *your* affairs are so pressing that *mine* must yield precedence, you can follow me to the library."

Accepting the permission thus ungraciously accorded, his relative accompanied him to the gloomy old apartment, which the owner of Moultree used also as a justice room.

The baronet threw himself into a large easy chair, and, screwing up his features to what he considered the proper magisterial expression, prepared to listen to whatever his nephew might have to say.

"First, let me thank you, Sir Barnard, most gratefully," said the young man, "for your great bounty in educating me, and affording me the means of following a career at the university. The result, I trust, has not disappointed you."

"Certainly not," was the reply. "Up to the present hour I have every reason to feel satisfied with your conduct. But what is it? I detest beating about the bushes. Some youthful imprudence at Oxford, I suppose—debts, perhaps?"

"I never contracted a debt in my life. From boyhood I knew and felt my position."

"Very right! highly creditable; but the point—the point?"

"I am coming to it, uncle," answered Edward Gaston. "You were kind enough to intimate that you intended the living of Wicksal as a provision for me."

"I never made any positive promise," observed his relative.

"If you had I should release you from it," said the young man. "It is not my intention to enter the Church."

Had the speaker held a loaded pistol at the head of the baronet, he could not have astonished him more.

"Not enter the Church!" he exclaimed. "Why, Wicksal is worth seven hundred a year!"

"I know it is, uncle."

"And Doctor Pluriman decidedly apoplectic."

"Were the living vacant, it would not change my determination."

"Determination!" repeated Sir Barnard. "Is this the gratitude you prated of, or fitting language to address to me? What right have you to determine upon anything without my permission? Henceforth I shall know the value of your professions."

"Believe me——"

"Tut! tut!" interrupted his relative, angrily; "words have no weight with me—I require obedience. And pray, sir, how do you imagine that you are to live? I will not support you in idleness."

"I can support myself, uncle."

"How?"

There was a sneering tone in the inquiry that brought the blood to the pale cheeks of Edward Gaston, who, rearing himself to his full height, regarded the speaker firmly, and almost scornfully, as he answered him—

"By the talents God has given me, by learning patiently and laboriously acquired, by energies honorably directed in the profession I have chosen."

"Profession!" repeated the baronet. "In the name which you unfortunately bear, permit me to thank you for not having chosen a trade."

"It would not dishonor it."

"In your estimation, evidently not," answered his uncle, with a sneer. "And pray, sir, may I ask what profession you have chosen? The inquiry is a needless one, doubtless your friend Trevanion's."

"No."

Sir Barnard looked serious.

"*The law.*"

A momentary paleness replaced the flush of anger in the countenance of the owner of Moultree Park; evidently, there was something peculiarly distasteful to him in his nephew following the law, and yet it ranks higher than medicine.

"This is folly, Edward," he observed, making a violent effort to master his passion; "a wilful throwing away the chances of a life. What prospect can the law hold out to you compared with the Church? Balance the dry detail, slow drudgery, quiddities, musty precedents, and chicanery of one profession against the dignified ease, the learned leisure of the other. Recollect, too, that Wicksal is not the only living in my gift; that, backed by my influence, you may even aspire to a deanery, possibly a mitre."

"You are very good, Sir Barnard, but my choice is made. Although sincerely a Christian, I feel that I have no special vocation for the priesthood."

"Special nonsense," said his relative, impatiently; "the vocation will come with the duties."

"With me it must precede them, uncle."

"Is that your final resolution?"

"My final one."

"Then go," exclaimed the baronet, fiercely, "and may you meet the reward your ingratitude and obstinacy so richly merit—disappointment! Expect neither countenance nor assistance from me. I have done with you, sir—done with you; and whether you starve in a garret or rot in a gaol from this moment, is equally indifferent to me. You will quit the Hall at once," he added, "and never, whilst I live, insult me by your presence here again."

Having uttered this not very dignified and exceedingly vindictive speech, the head of the Gastons was about to quit the library when his nephew detained him.

"Stay, Sir Barnard," he exclaimed, in respectful but decided tones, "as this is to be our last interview, you, at least, owe me an explanation."

"Explanation!"

"Yes, the death of my father."

"He died, as you will live, a beggar, sir," replied his uncle, bitterly.

"I am aware of his poverty," answered Edward; "but, if I am rightly informed, he left a packet of papers in your hands, to be given into mine as soon as I came of age; the period has long since passed; now I demand them."

The baronet muttered something about their being in the care of his lawyer, or mislaid.

"As I am about to proceed to London, I can call upon your solicitors," observed the young man, "and receive them. A letter from you is all that is necessary."

"It shall be written and forwarded to you," replied Sir Barnard.

"And why not now? Why keep ill-feeling and resentment brooding in your mind against one, who never willingly offended you, who, if he felt but little affection—kindness only can create that—at least acknowledges your bounty with gratitude? Why not dismiss him, and all that relates to him, from your memory at once?"

"You have my answer, sir!" replied the owner of Moultree, sternly. "I am neither to be reasoned nor cajoled from my resolution, which, once taken, is irrevocable."

With these words he quitted the room, leaving Edward both mortified and puzzled by his refusal. "Mean and pitiful!" he muttered to himself; "unworthy even of him. Why pain me by keeping from me the only legacy my poor father left me? The papers may contain his last wishes—the outpourings of paternal love for the boy he was about to leave an orphan—counsels to regulate his career of life. This trifling with my feelings is cruel—wanton. But I might have expected it; for there is nothing large or generous in the heart of my proud uncle!"

An hour after the explanation in the library, the nephew quitted the Hall without paying a visit to his old friend, Dr. Trevanion. Since the supposed heartlessness of Maude, the neighborhood had become hateful to him; from boyhood he had accustomed himself to repress his feelings; sympathy might have unmanned him—unfitted him for the work he had to grapple with. Edward Gaston made no illusions as to the difficulties of the task; but he braced his energies, and prepared to meet them manfully.

The world is liberal of its enthusiasm for conquerors by land or sea—sounds a hundred pæans in their praise, but scarcely one for the gladiator of society, who fights her battle in silence and solitude, uncheered by the shouts of the arena. Such men are generally called prudent, plodding, persevering fellows, and looked upon as uninteresting, but respectable—when, in fact, they are heroes in the loftiest, truest sense of the word.

In the day of action the soldier and the sailor risk their lives upon the field and wave—there is excitement, a species of wild enjoyment in their danger; if they fall, it is amid the cheers of their comrades, the clash of arms, the music of war—a momentary pang, a smile of triumph, and all is over.

How different with those pursuing a professional career! Their day of action includes the springtide, summer, and, but too frequently, the autumn of a life; their struggles are in silence. Some perish alone, in solitary chambers, struck down by intense mental labor and privations; others die surrounded by those helpless dear ones, whose future makes death an agony and a terror.

Of the few who succeed, who rise vicrorious from the struggle, the most gifted grasp the wreath only to find it wither in their hands.

Whether such will be the destiny of Edward Gaston, the future only can determine; his intentions, on quitting Moultree Hall, were to return to Oxford and stand for a fellowship as a means of support whilst studying the profession he had chosen.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

HURRYING ON.

BY GEORGIANNA HERBERT.

Twilight is the time for reflection and for memory.

Its dimness and its silence woo to tranquil thought; but often we are caught out of that tranquility and plunged into musings that are mournful and bitter.

Who is there that has never sat with open, but unseeing eyes, clasped hands and sighing breath, looking, at twilight, backwards to his beginning? Who has not gazed, as if perforce, upon his childhood, and all along the way by which he and those dearest to him have come, from thence unto the present?

We can all remember the strange enchantment, the wonderfulness of all that in childhood we saw or knew, and the marvelous interest which then clung about every new event, also the undefined awe with which we regarded every stranger that entered our presence.

Oh! how marvelous was life to us when first it began to unfold! Leaf by leaf it opened, and each hour we expected something more wonderful than the last hour showed. What it was to be a grown-up man or woman, we hardly dared to imagine, when it was so unutterably strange to be only a little child.

We remember all those feelings with such distinctness, that we seem to be again experiencing them. We recall, too, the sweet security that our childhood had in home and mother-love. How we were watched over, sheltered, caressed, beloved. How unconscious we were that there was ever to come a change; how utterly thoughtless of the fact that in the race upon which, with unequal, playful steps, we and our sisters and brothers had just started, there was *no stopping*, no returning; that we must all go on, on, on, with quickening and fast lengthening steps, until we had outrun home, parents, shelter and care; till we had parted far and long from each fellow-nestler in the arms of maternal love; till our feet stumbled and our worn-out bodies fell into the grave.

Sad it is to look back, along the track by which we have come onward from our childhood's home, from cherishing love, from wondrous imaginations, and to see how that track has darkened from its first glory, how it has grown hard and bare as we have hasted on. The places of diverging paths stand out bleak and dismal to our view; the sounds of the groans there uttered, the flash of the tears there fallen, seem again to reach us; we see the receding figures of our brothers, our sisters, our friends; we trace the uneven and dreary ways along which it was the fate of some, perhaps *all*, of them to go.

Our hearts swell and our breath quivers with sorrow; our souls reach backward to the dear old days at the beginning, and call for "mother" and for "home" with a strong and bitter cry. But it is vain. There is no returning to the nest which sheltered, to the arms which cherished us. We *know* that we can never more be gathered, housed, and comforted in our common, happy home. Even were the old house that we so fondly remember to renew its youth, were the grave to yawn and the sheeted dead to come forth, were the mother to return to the household, and the father again to stretch forth his hands to collect his scattered flock, we, worn, old in heart, could not regain the pristine restful, *satisfying* happiness. No, no; the change which has passed on all has entered into our own souls. We are full of yearnings that could not be stilled as those of our childhood were. Our hearts are hardened, perhaps embittered, and no outward circumstances could touch and charm them into any likeness of the ancient peace. We weep—but that helps not. We wish we had never been set upon this fatal race—*that* helps not. There may be ingratitude and sin in thus wishing; but there is not the least *use* in it.

We are on the course, we cannot tarry; if we weep *all the way* we must still *run*, no matter who or what we part with as we go. The clasping hand of friendship, the clinging embrace of love cannot detain us. Hurry on we *must*, though all heart-strings crack.

But we can be courageous, even if we fail to be cheerful; we can be firm, though we part from all. We can be hopeful, too; for when our course is finished we may take everlasting rest, where there is no more haste, nor parting, nor tears.

'Tis not good to look *much* at the past—set your face Heavenward, and sing as you hurry on. Yea *sing*, though your path grow bleaker, and your companions fewer; for be *sure* that the good whom you can no longer see, will all be yours again when you have entered into Rest.

* * *

WHAT is idleness? A public mint, where various kinds of mischief are coined, and extensively circulated among the most despicable of the human race.

YES, I WILL SWEEP MY HARP FOR THEE!

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Yes, I will sweep my harp for thee,
And give its chords the saddest tone,
For, oh! too well I know that we,
Alike, are in the world alone.
Alike for us the cypress waves
A mournful anthem o'er the dead
That slumber in these household graves
To beauty, worth and genius wed.

II.

A father, sister sleep below:
Long years have seen these ivies gloom,
(Ah, tears! will ye not cease to flow?)
And yet we still, still haunt each tomb:
But—oh, the darkest, worst of all!—
The shadow of another bier
Upon this sacred spot will fall;—
A mother soon must join them here!

III.

Then clasp thy dear, dear arm in mine,
While I the chords will gently touch—
Although each note by this dear shrine,
Shows that for Earth we loved too much.
Ah, do not, do not tremble so!
We join them in a few more years—
Thou tremblest still!—Yes, in our wo,
'*Tis only* left to mingle tears!

THE
BROWN HOUSE UNDER THE MAPLES.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

There it stood, nestling modestly in the shade, with a smooth green hill on the right hand, and an orchard, famous for its "pumpkin sweetings" all through the country, on the left. The smooth green hill separated it from a school-house, also brown, and also standing under maple trees; and, in my very young days, I used to fancy that the view from its daisied summit was quite as fair as that which Moses had of the Promised Land. A little, well-worn path, just wide enough for childish feet to tread, led over that hill, and down to Aunt Hannah's door.

For Aunt Hannah lived in the brown house—a lonely old woman, in one sense of the word, and, in another, the happiest old woman ever you saw. Not a drop of her blood flowed in any of our veins—father, mother, sisters, brothers, uncles, aunts, cousins, nephews and nieces, they had all gone, and left Aunt Hannah on the home farm by herself. But she had plenty of relatives by adoption. Every child who crossed the threshold of the school-house, felt sure that "an own aunt" lived in the cottage just beyond, and at "recess," or noon, her porch and kitchen were full of merry faces, and such a noise! it was enough to deafen any one, but she seemed to like it. There was a well, the like of which was never known in any other place—so deep, so cool, and with such a nice windlass, long enough for four little hands to grasp at once; there were the woodbine-shaded front stoops, where we had leave to sit and eat our dinner, and the great stone kitchen, where we dined if it rained; then there was the garden, where we used to weed the beds, by way of helping the kind old lady; and the great barn, where we sometimes went and jumped upon the hay; in short, Aladdin's palace, I dare say, never had half so many charms for him as Aunt Hannah and her domicile had for us. And then, if all else failed, she could tell such capital stories—and without ever forgetting to put in the best part, too! as some story tellers I have known in later years are in the habit of doing.

It never entered our heads for a long time to wonder at our friend's early life. No doubt we thought she had always been Aunt Hannah—tall, and gaunt, and wrinkled, with a good-natured face, and a pair of kind, light-blue eyes, that never looked so kind as when we were around her. But one day, (so long ago it is that I seem to be looking back a hundred years, and yet I can scent the dead beech leaves in the sunny air, and hear the little brook fall as plainly as I heard it then,) five of us school-children were spending our Saturday afternoon in the grove behind the school-house, looking for the last autumn flowers, and trying to make a water-wheel and trip-hammer for the brook, like one the boys had put up in their own playground the week before. There was Jennie Barrett—who was my sworn friend and ally, and Julie Russel—but she has another name now, and two fair-faced sisters, Carrie and Lucy—and the angels in Heaven know what to call them to-day, far better than I, here upon the earth they left so early; and we were all discussing a wedding that had recently taken place in the village, as we chipped away at the water-wheel.

"And the bride wore a great, long veil, that came almost to her feet," said Jennie; "and I saw the bridegroom cry. I wonder what he cried for."

"People always do when they get married," said Julie. "I suppose it is the fashion."

"Well, I wouldn't cry, I know," said Carrie, stoutly. "It must be very nice to wear a long white veil, and have every one say how pretty you look. Dear me, I wish I was old enough to get married."

"To Wallace Knight?" said Lucy, archly; and then we all burst out laughing, Carrie loudest of all. We little thought that she was to go so soon to the land where they neither marry nor are given in marriage, and where the white veil of innocence is the garment we most need.

Jennie listened silently as we talked about the weddings that were on the carpet in the village, and those which had already taken place within our recollection. At last she laid down her knife, and gazing down at the blue curl of smoke escaping from the cottage chimney, exclaimed:

"Well, there!"

"What is it?" we all asked.

"I wonder if Aunt Hannah has ever been married!"

There was a solemn pause—the idea was so perfectly new. At last Lucy, who was the youngest, and the most matter-of-fact of us all, solved the difficulty.

"Of course she hasn't. There isn't any *Uncle Hannah*, is there?"

"Why, no. But then he might have died, you know," said Jennie.

"Oh! I didn't think of that."

We eyed the cottage chimney with increasing interest. We had never thought of it before, but, of course, Aunt Hannah *must* have been married. She could not be an old maid, like our Sunday-school teacher, whom we all hated, and who rapped our fingers with her keys if we could not remember all the texts she gave us to learn; or like our school-mistress, who came in the morning with her hair done up in curl papers, sticking out, like horns, over her eyes, and who feruled Carrie so that her hand was blistered the week before, and told me that she heard three gentlemen laughing on the steps of the E—— Hotel because I turned in my toes so when I walked—frightening me so by the audacious lie, that for years I made a circuit of three streets to avoid that house—and those men! No, Aunt Hannah was like neither of these. She was more like the good fairies in our story books.

"Only the good fairies were never married," persisted Lucy.

"How do you know?" queried Jennie, who settled all disputes among us. "The story was not obliged to tell about that."

"But my Aunt Leonora has Uncle Henry's picture hanging up in her bed-room, and I never saw any in Aunt Hannah's."

"I don't care for that. I know she has been married, and I mean to go down and ask her. Who will go with me?"

All of us, of course, though we shrank back a little at first. So we left the water wheel half finished, beside the brook, and went through the woods and over the hills to the little back door. The kitchen was empty, so was the dining-room, but we heard the low buzzing of the wheel up stairs, and halting in the passage, we cried out:

"Aunt Hannah—may we come up."

She came to the head of the strairs, dressed in an old-fashioned blue short-gown and petticoat, and looked benignantly over her spectacles at us.

"Bless me, children! where did you come from?"

"We've been making water-wheels up in the woods," said Jennie, "and we got tired, and so we thought we would come and see you a little while."

Somehow it was much more difficult to ask Aunt Hannah that question when we stood face to face, than it had seemed beside the brook.

"Well, I am very glad to see you—very glad, indeed. Who would like to take the little cart and the pails, and go down to the river and fetch up some water for me to wash with next Monday?"

We all "spoke at once," for the dragging of the painted yellow cart about, and the splashing we got at the river side, were two of the dearest pleasures of our lives. Aunt Hannah came down and kindled a great fire in the kitchen, and put some apples down to roast before it.

"Sure you haven't got anything on that water will spoil—because I know you will come home like so many drowned rats—children always do," she said, peering over her spectacles at our clothes. No—we only had on week-day dresses and aprons, to say nothing of stout shoes, and so she went to help us wheel the little cart from under the shed, and fill it with pails.

"It's a great mercy you took it into your heads to come," she said, "for I was just wondering how on earth I should get the water up this week—my boy, John, has gone home with a sick headache. Now you may fill the pails and play down there just twenty minutes. You'll hear the bell ring when it is time for you to come up, and while you are getting dry, you shall have some roasted apples and gingerbread and cheese, and I will tell you a story. Will that pay you for going?"

Pay us? We would have drawn the river dry if Aunt Hannah had wanted us to do it, and she knew it very well. The twenty minutes passed very quickly while we were pelting each other with pebbles, and paddling in the water—the bell rang—and dragging our load up under the shed, we went in and stationed ourselves before the fire, steaming like so many small engines while we discussed our feast. Jennie had grown frightened, and would not ask the question; by a unanimous vote the burden had been laid upon my shoulders. But how to begin! I felt, even in my childish heart, that it was rather a delicate subject, but quite unable to bear up against the battery of nods and winks continually levelled at me. I took courage and blurted out:

"Aunt Hannah."

"Well, my child."

"We want to know—," there was a breathless silence, and I nearly choked myself to death with a piece of gingerbread, "we want to know if you are married!"

There, it was out, thank fortune! The girls breathed again. Aunt Hannah raised herself from the apples she was roasting, and looked at me.

"Married! What put that into your head, child?"

"Jennie Barrett," I said, feeling rather scared.

"No—I am not married," and she turned to the apples again, with a deep flush on her cheek. Jennie did not see it, and now that the ice was broken, plunged in boldly enough.

"But were you ever married, Aunt Hannah?"

"No."

The monosyllable was not very encouraging, but still Jennie went on.

"We were talking about the wedding, and about old maids, you see, and I told the girls I was sure you wasn't one——"

"But I am, Jennie."

She took up the second dish of apples, placed it before us, and stood smiling, though the flush had not quite died away.

"Well, I don't care!" shouted Carrie. "If Aunt Hannah is an old maid, I like 'em, and I'll be one, too, there!"

Aunt Hannah laughed.

"You don't know what you are talking about, you silly thing. Finish your apples, and then draw up nearer the fire, for you mustn't go away till every thread is dry. I can't have you taking cold at my house."

The meal was soon over and we were ranged around the fire again, facing out into the room this time, that our dresses might get dry all round. Aunt Hannah moved the table back, and brought her own great chair in front of us.

"Little girls never ought to sit idle. You can unravel these stocking feet, while I knit, and mind you do not break the yarn any more than you can help."

We took the work.

"And now for the story."

"What shall it be about?"

"About old maids," said Carrie, in an earnest way that set us all laughing.

Aunt Hannah mused.

"I think I will tell you a story about *one*," she said, "and when it is finished you shall all guess who it is."

She began to knit, and we were all as still as mice:

"A great many years ago," said Aunt Hannah, softly, "there was a young girl living in a farm-house, very much like this. She was about sixteen, and people said she was very pretty. I suppose she was."

"How did she look?" asked Carrie.

"She was tall and slender, and she had blue eyes and light brown hair, and *such* a color on her cheeks; did you ever see an old-fashioned red rose?"

Yes—we had gathered scores of them.

"Well, her cheeks were almost that color, and her teeth were as white as snow, which was a very good thing, because she was always laughing and showing them. This girl had a father living, and a brother who was deformed, and could not walk a step without some one at his side to hold him up. Her sisters had married and gone away from home when she was a little child, and her mother was dead. So she had all the work of the house to see after, and her father and brother to take care of into the bargain."

"I should think she had to work hard enough," said Jennie, who approved of the *dolce far niente* system.

"Well, I suppose she did; but she was young and strong then, and she did not mind it. She lived there until she was twenty-two, thinking herself the happiest creature in the world. Then her brother, who had always been so ill, grew worse, and a doctor used to come every day from the village to see him. He was dying with a quick consumption, they said, but he suffered dreadfully. He never wanted his sister to be out of his sight, so she hired a woman to take her place in the house while she watched him. I should be sorry to tell you how little rest of any kind she got through those three months, or how much it pained her to see him in such agony. She could have borne it for him much easier than she could watch him bearing it.

"At last the spring came, and the doctor said he might, perhaps, live till fall. She went out at the front door to get a breath of fresh air, just after she had heard this, feeling very glad and happy because her poor brother was not going to be taken away. A little ash-colored bird sat on a young maple-tree near the house, singing, not as other birds do, but in a queer kind of way—one long, sweet note, and then nothing more for a long time. She listened a moment, and then went back into her brother's room.

"George," she said, "just hear that strange bird."

He listened, and then took her hand in his.

"My dear sister, it is singing for me."

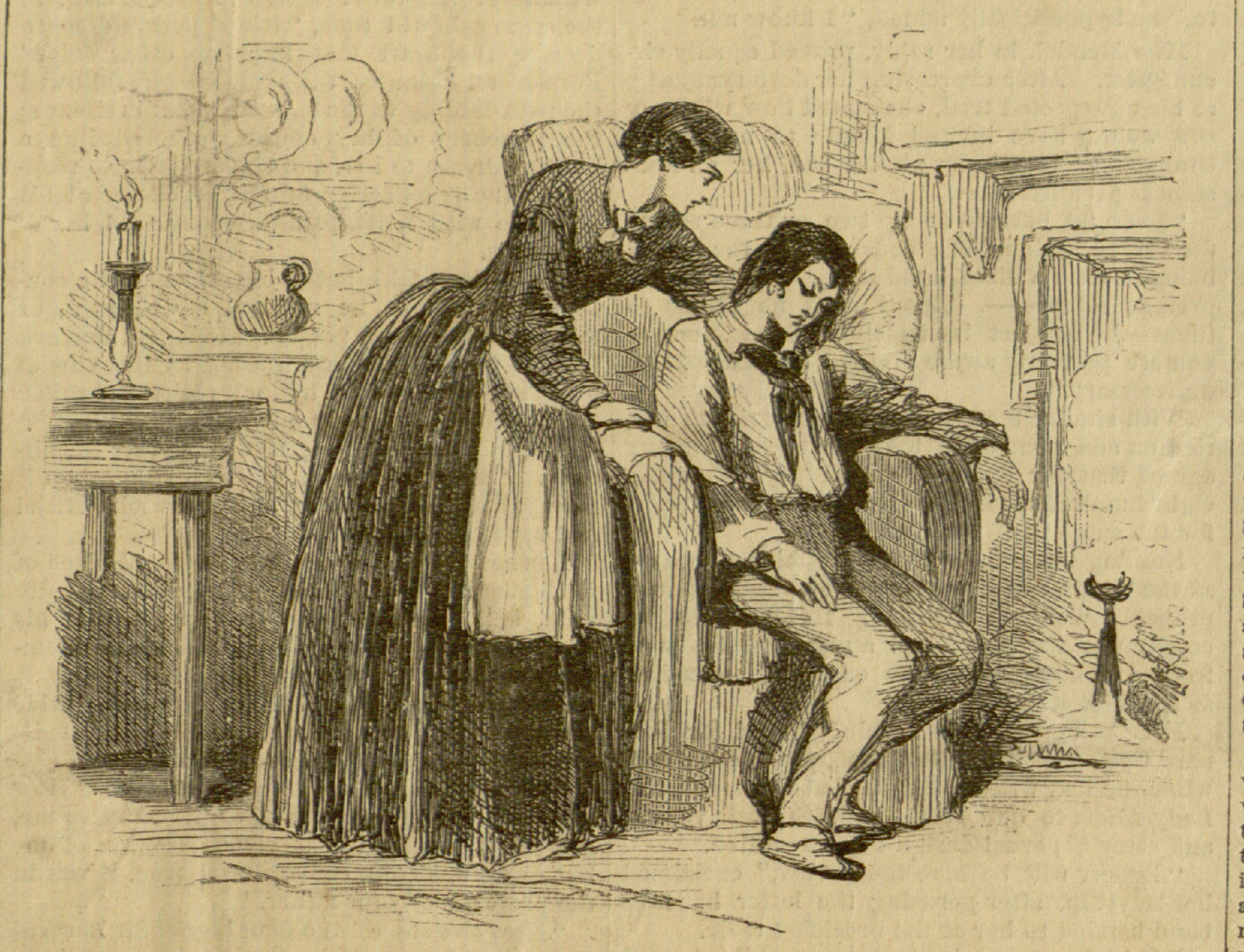
"What do you mean, George?"

"Did the doctor tell you I was going to get well?"

"Yes."

"He is mistaken—I can feel it here;" and he laid his sister's hand upon his heart. "The pain has all gone, but I am dying."

She would not believe him, she went to the kitchen, and made him some wine whey, and got her father to stay at home from the field that afternoon, and cheer him up. It was always the custom to read prayers at nine o'clock in that house; they had read them for some time in his bedroom. On that night he asked to sit up in his chair, and his sister helped him to dress, and wheeled him out into the old kitchen before the fire. After prayers were over, she went up to him. He was lying back on his pillows, looking round the room with a smile, for he had not been in there before for a long time.



"Well, George," she said, "the bird has gone."

"Are you sure?" and he put his hand to his heart, as if he had a sudden spasm of pain.

No; there it was at the kitchen window; three sweet notes, and then all was still. The girl was frightened at first, but she bent over her brother the next moment, and spoke to him. He did not answer. He would never answer her again."

"Was he dead, Aunt Hannah?" we asked.

"Yes."

"Why, it is like the story of the Banshee!" said Lucy.

"Ah, but this is *true!*" said Carrie.

"Yes, it is true, every word of it, my dear children."

"What did this girl do next, Aunt Hannah?"

She lived on in the farm-house with her father. He had not been very well for some time, and after George died, he seemed to droop more and more. People said he was fretting after him. I do not know how that was, for he never mentioned his name after he saw him lowered into the grave. He used to work now and then on the farm, and one morning after he had gone from the house, his daughter stood at her chamber window, trying to see if the stage that went up the river road each day, had stopped at the corner to leave any letters, when all of a sudden she heard that bird begin to sing again. Her heart stopped beating for a moment.

"Oh, is it for me or for father?" she thought to herself. Not for her; though, perhaps, if it had not been for leaving the old man quite alone, she would have been glad to have it so. But he came home at noon, and took to his bed. He had had a kind of sun-stroke, and he never got up again. He did not know her till a few moments before he died; then he put out his hand, and called her by her name.

"I heard the bird that morning," he said.

"And so did I, father."

"It sung before your mother died. I am going to her now, and to George. Be a good girl, and you will not be long after us."

"Why, the people all die in this story," said Carrie, who liked merry tales.

Aunt Hannah wiped her eyes.

"Yes, my dear, they often do, in true ones."

"And when she was left all alone, what did she do?"

"Lived, my child, as we all must do, until God sees fit to let us die."

"Was she ever happy again?"

"Oh, yes."

A beautiful blush rose to Aunt Hannah's withered cheek.

"Yes, she was very happy afterwards. She still held the farm, because it had been her father's last wish, but she could not manage it quite alone, and she got one of the neighbors to assist her. This neighbor had a son named Arthur, two or three years older than she was, who had been away a long time, ever since he was a little boy, in fact, at an uncle's. He came home that very summer."

There was a pause. Aunt Hannah seemed intent upon a stitch she had dropped.

"I know what you are going to say now," said Jennie, eagerly. "They fell in love with each other."

"Quite right, Jennie."

"And got married."

"No."

"Oh, why not?"

"You shall hear." And the stitch being taken up, Aunt Hannah went on—not quite so steadily as before."

"They were in love with each other, as you call it, and a very true and tender love it was, too. He was of age, and owned a pretty little farm in another county; she was of age, too, and her own mistress, and his family were delighted with the match. The wedding was to take place on the 20th of August. On the evening of the 10th they sat together in the front door, looking up at the moon, and talking about the places they were going to visit during the honeymoon. Suddenly a bird began to sing in the stillness—she knew the note, and it made her sick and faint.

"'What is the matter?' he said, bending over her.

"And she told him. How merrily he laughed at the idea. But still the bird kept singing every now and then.

"When it was time for him to go, she went with him to the wagon, and patted the black horse that drew it. It was Arthur's favorite, and she had often let it eat bread and sugar out of her hand. He came up and kissed her as he took the reins.

"'Sleep well,' he said 'in spite of that malicious little bird. I will come over early in the morning, to let you see that it has done me no harm.'

"'By nine o'clock, Arthur?'

"'Yes. Good-night, my darling.'

"He drove away, and she stood looking after him. Then she remembered her mother had often said it was not well to watch any one out of sight, and she went back into the house. She slept soundly all the night, but she was astir early—and at nine all her work was done, and she waiting in the front door. The clock struck. A few moments after she saw some one coming. It was not Arthur, but his father."

"Had anything happened?" asked Lucy, with a pitiful look.

"My dear, the black horse was suddenly frightened on his way home—he dashed the wagon to pieces, and threw his master out upon a heap of stones. All that August night, while she slept so sweetly," added Aunt Hannah, with a sudden break in her voice, "he was lying there, in the moonlight, stone dead!"

"Poor thing!" said Jennie. And little Lucy sobbed.

"And after everybody was dead, Aunt Hannah, did she die, too?" asked Julie.

"No, my dear. Perhaps she wanted to—it may be that she prayed to, just at first—but after a while she got over that. She saw what God had been trying to teach her all along (and He will try and teach you, too, my pretty one, in a few years), not to set her heart on any earthly thing. So she thought more of Him than she had done, and tried to love Him, and serve Him better—and I trust she has succeeded."

"What a sad story—what a sad life," sighed Jennie.

"My dear, what if I should tell you that after she got to be old and lonely—an old maid, in fact—she was really happier than she had ever been before."

"Oh, Aunt Hannah, how could that be?"

"God will show you one day, if you will let Him!"

She spoke so solemnly that we were silent a long time. Then we rose to go.

"But you have not guessed who this girl was," she said.

One thought it must be Sally Hines, the school-mistress; another that it was Miss Betsey Wingfield, who lived quite by herself; another that it was her own aunt, Miss Sarah Wilson. The old lady listened, smiling, but shook her head at every name.

"You never can be Yankees," she said, "or you would have found out long ago. If you go down to the little grave-yard on the hill, just beyond the school-house, you know——"

"Oh, yes!"

"And look at four graves in the corner by the wall, you will see who I mean."

"Why, they are your graves, Aunt Hannah," cried Julie.

"My father's, my mother's, my brother's, and—and Arthur Wood's," said Aunt Hannah, gravely. "Yes, children, I was the pretty, blue-eyed girl who lived here once."

She put down her knitting and went out of the room. We glanced at each other, and then stole noiselessly away; and going into that lonely church-yard on our way back, we looked with a new interest upon the last homes of those whose story we had just been hearing.

It was many years ago, as I said before, and since then the bird has sung again, and there are five graves instead of four. The Brown House under the Maples has passed into other hands, and Aunt Hannah, no longer old and lonely, is with the loved and lost—in Heaven!

INFLUENCE OF THE MOTHER ON THE CHILD.

In education, science may do a little; classic erudition a good deal; moral philosophy much more; but religion and the heart most of all; and were we called upon to record our suffrages in support of any of these several popular modes of education, we should, without the slightest hesitation, give our unqualified vote in favor of the last two. To you, O ye mothers! is confided the office of the heart—you, to whose eyes we look up, as it were, to the heaven of our happiness and the haven of our hopes—you, in whose bosom we have nestled, and in whose lap we have reposed in infancy, and to whose sympathizing breast we have imparted the griefs and follies of our maturer years. Abandon not, we beseech you, O ye mothers! the noblest functions of the state; dismiss not your darlings to the merciless schoolmaster; nor, for the sake of heading your table, or presiding with distinction in the silken drawing-room, leave the hungry, innocent minds of your children to feed upon the depraved tuition of a housemaid, a servant girl, and that most invaluable of all earthly creatures, an exacting, flouncing head-nurse. Take the education of your children into your own hands, and abandon everything else for their sakes; it will amply repay you; and if you object that conduct such as this would break through the conventional modes of society, and be regarded as an act of folly, we can only reply by making an appeal to your heart.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An Interested Inquirer wants to know what "valuable lessons" the Chicago Zouaves teach the citizen-soldiery of the United States. We think that they teach them many lessons worth learning. They teach them, first, to aim at efficiency of discipline, instead of brilliancy of appearance; secondly, to discard the cumbersome and senseless uniforms borrowed from the wooden armies of Germany; thirdly, to avoid the great expense that usually attends volunteer service; fourthly, to make military exercises a means of moral and physical education. This last is a grand peculiarity of our Chicago friends. Even to enter a bar-room, unless absolutely compelled to do so, subjects the offender to immediate dismissal. The same rule applies to worse places than bar-rooms. We have been informed that the Zouave company is also a mutual assistance society; that if a member is sick or out of employment, he is nursed and maintained by his brother soldiers; and there is provided for the use of the company a gymnasium and reading-room. The only thing to object to in this admirable organization is its name. We should have preferred something national, something American, something that would have had in it a smack of the prairies. If a similar organization should be formed in this city, we hope it will christen itself in accordance with the spirit of our great Empire State. Let the voice of our cataract be heard in its deliberations.

Lucille.—The "diamond necklace" which you "read about in history," was made by a jeweller in Paris, a few years prior to the first French revolution. It was a resplendent ornament, worth some four hundred thousand dollars. The poor jeweller "gave his mind to it," with a determination to produce a necklace which should make his name immortal. But after he got it made, he could not sell it. He had supposed that Louis XVI. would buy it for his queen, Marie Antoinette; but that unfortunate monarch had become wofully short of cash, and nobody would help him to replenish his exhausted exchequer. In fact, there was not a monarch in Europe, at that time, who could buy the necklace; and the poor jeweller, who had spent all his means in the production of it, began to feel much alarm. While in this condition he fell into the hands of most adroit sharpers, who got possession of the necklace, spirited it away, took it in pieces, and sold the diamonds in the different marts of Europe, leaving the unfortunate fabricator in a state of utter despair. Diamonds and money are so much more plentiful now than they were in those days, that such a necklace would not now be the world's wonder that the great original was. It may be that there is not a *monarch* in the world, even at this time, who could afford to buy such an ornament for his wife; but there are many private gentlemen who could easily do it.

Student.—You should not allow the "foggy nature of ancient history" to work such discouragement of your ambition. Keep reading till the fog clears away. The man Tamerlane, who is your present trouble, and who is also known by the name of Timour the Tartar, was born in 1335, and became sovereign of Tartary by the defeat of a rival, about 1370. He was one of those necessary pests of an ignorant age, called conquerors. His conquests are said to have extended from Moscow in Russia to Delhi in India. In his great battle with the Turkish Sultan Bajazet for the supremacy of the eastern world, five hundred thousand men were engaged, of whom fifty thousand were killed. Tamerlane was the victor, and the Sultan was taken prisoner. Tamerlane died in 1405, just as he was preparing to lead an army of two hundred thousand men against China. It was he who said: "The earth ought to have but one master, as there is only one God in Heaven; and what is the earth, with all its inhabitants, for the ambition of a great prince?"

Legatee.—The will to which we presume you refer was that of Peter Isaac Thellusson, a London merchant, who died in 1797. He left a fortune of seven hundred thousand pounds, of which he bequeathed one hundred thousand to his family. The rest he ordered to remain invested in the funds during the lives of his three sons and their sons; and if an heir then appeared, the accumulated property was to fall to him. But if no heir survived, the property was to be appropriated to the payment of the national debt. If these two generations should survive 120 years, the property will amount to considerably more than a hundred millions of pounds, or five hundred millions of dollars.

Victim.—No part of the world can claim absolute exemption from such tornadoes as those which have done so much damage in the western States during the present season. The climate of England is remarkably equable, but in 1768 a hurricane passed over the island which damaged London to the extent of ten millions of dollars, and destroyed eight thousand lives, and blew over the Eddystone light-house. Everywhere these destructive storms are rare. You may live in Illinois fifty years without having your house blown over a second time. We advise you to remain and face the music—of the spheres.

Undecided.—The best medicine for children is happiness. Try to make your little ones happy; impose no burdens on them; see that they have opportunity for active, out-door sports; play with them yourself; tell them stories; take them to see some of the wonderful sights of the city—and almost anything is wonderful and full of interest to children; give them a plenty of plain, simple, well-cooked food; put them to bed early; let them sleep till they wake up, and dress them with an eye single to their comfort, and you will probably have little occasion for doctor's stuff.

Pitchu.—Base-ball is, unquestionably, a most excellent pastime, for those who require physical exercise or are fond of out-door sports. You could probably get yourself elected to a membership in some one of the many fine clubs now organized in New York and in Brooklyn; or, if you should prefer it, you and your friends might institute a club of your own. Base-ball has now, like cricket, been reduced to a sharply-defined art; and it would be impossible for novices in the game to contend successfully with practiced players.

Reader.—You cannot tell much about the native pronunciation of foreign names, by their orthography. Of the two names you inquire about, the first, Tamucaraque, (a chain of mountains in South America,) is pronounced by the inhabitants Tah-moo-kah-rah-kay, but by English and American sailors Tamaracky. The second, Talcahuano (a port in Chili) is pronounced Tahl-kah-gwah-no by the natives, and Tuckawany by the sailors.

Lillie Mae.—It is stated that the Great Eastern will sail for Europe on the 16th of August. She would undoubtedly be an excellent vessel for an invalid to cross the Atlantic in. We do not know what the price of a first class state-room in her will be. Probably it will be the same as in any other ocean steamer. We have heard $130 mentioned as the sum, but have no official information on the subject.

Disputant.—The Duke of Buckingham, whose head was "off"-ed by Richard III., was buried in a little church near Salisbury. His monument, which is in perfect preservation, is on a scale suitable to his rank and importance, and forms the chief ornament of the church in which it stands. It is frequently visited by American travellers.

Reader.—The transfusion of the blood of young and healthy persons into the veins of the old and diseased, was actually practiced, and to a considerable extent. The operation was forbidden by law in France about eighty years ago, in consequence of the fatal results sometimes attending it. The idea of its beneficial effect is now utterly discarded by medical men.

Salamander.—Your father is justified, we think, in objecting to your marriage with a girl who is in the habit of walking out with promiscuous male acquaintances till midnight, and even to a later hour. Your letter is, on the whole, "spoony-ish." You evidently ought to continue under paternal guidance for some years yet.

Doubter.—The well-known words, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, (I came, I saw, I conquered,) formed the whole of a despatch from Julius Cæsar to the Roman Senate, after he had defeated Pharnaces, King of Pontus. The battle occurred about 47 B. C.

Jabez.—Mathematics and astronomy are esteemed the oldest sciences. The Royal Library of Paris contains, among other curiosities, a Chinese map of the heavens, drawn 600 B. C., upon which 1460 stars are correctly placed.

Merchant, Chicago.—If you should write to any of the following veterinary surgeons of this city, they would doubtless serve you professionally: Drs. Grice, Pilgrim, Ogle, Gordon.

Hardware Boy.—We are opposed to prize-fighting, and to all other fighting which can be honorably avoided. We do not believe that any good comes of prize-fighting, which could not be better attained in other ways.

Swift.—The "Nine Worthies," as they were formerly termed, were Joshua, David, Judas Maccabeus, Hector, Alexander, Cæsar, King Arthur, Charlemagne and Geoffrey of Bouillon.

Sister.—We cannot, at this moment, find a better epitaph for a child than this, from a Greek poet:

"Alas, poor child! for thee our bosoms swell
With grief, tears cannot cure, words may not tell."

Traveller.—For passports to foreign countries apply to a notary-public, who will procure one from the Secretary of State.

D. C. T., Durand, Wis.—Seventeen years old.

⁂ ***Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.***